

FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 23, 1972

TIME

A NATIONAL DISGRACE:
The \$400,000,000 Election



VOTE

HERE

**60 seconds.
Why wait**



\$24.95. any longer?

It's not just the convenience. Pictures of a good time that you see one minute later are a second helping of the fun.

This year, for only \$24.95* you can get our Square Shooter 2 Land camera (strictly color). And with our square film, you can save up to 25%** on every shot.

It seems impossible for the price. Electric eye and electronic shutter for automatic exposures (even for flash). Sharp 3-element lens. Built-in flash and ingenious viewfinder.

And everybody takes a little of the day home with them.

The Good Time Camera from Polaroid.



Chances are,
this compact costs more to insure than this compact.



What's the difference?
Allstate's
Compact Car Discount.

Say both economy jobs are exactly the same.
Say they're driven by two people with exactly
the same driving records. Exactly the same
everything.

Do they cost the same to insure? Not necessarily.
The compact on the right is insured with
Allstate. And we give compact car owners a 15%
discount on liability insurance. In most states
we're the only major company that does.

We also offer today's most advanced claim
service. Coast-to-coast. To get you back on the
road sooner when there's trouble. (Not to mention
more Drive-In Claim Centers than anybody. And
over 10,000 full-time claim specialists to help).

So give us a call, come see us at Sears, or drop
by an Allstate office.

When you compare, we think
you'll find a difference at
Allstate.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Special rates and discounts available in most states.
(Standard rates and rating plans in Texas.)

Service by appointment. **Because General Electric knows your time is as important as ours.**



About the only thing worse than a broken appliance is an appointment that's broken by the man who's supposed to fix it.

So we've done some unusual things to make sure that won't happen if that man happens to be a GE service technician.

It's part of something called Customer Care Service Everywhere, our nationwide effort to give you good service, no matter where you are.

First of all, when you call any

one of over 100 Factory Service Centers, you don't get a runaround. You get an appointment.

If we say our man will be at your home between 8:00 and 12:00, we mean that morning. Not 8:00 that night.

Since most all of our service trucks are radio-dispatched, we know who's where, why and how long he'll be there.

But no one's perfect.

So if we see that our man is running late, we don't make a mystery

out of it. We'll try to call ahead of time.

One other point. In addition to our Factory Service Centers, there are more than 5000 General Electric franchised servicers who work in every hamlet and hollow. So if you can get to a phone, they can get to you.

We've done all this because we know our major appliances and television sets are major investments for you.

Good Service... Another reason why GE is America's #1 major appliance value.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

You can get one for the price of a Toyota.

At first glance, the Toyota Celica ST might come off as a rich man's sports car.

That's the nice thing about it.

But in real life it's an economy car.

That's the nice thing about it.

Car and Driver Magazine tested six sports coupes. In gas mileage, they found that the

Toyota got the most out of a gallon of gas.

Some economy car.

The Celica ST comes with hood vents and rally stripes. Standard.

It comes with a four-speed synchromesh transmission and radial tires. Standard.

A high revving overhead cam engine, tachometer (red lined at 6300 rpm) and front disc

brakes. Standard.

A dash, console and shift knob that look like wood. Reclining bucket seats. Wall-to-wall carpeting. Electric clock. Even an AM radio. Compliments of Toyota.

The price of the Toyota Celica ST. \$2848*

All this for \$2848.

That's the nice thing about it.

For your nearest dealer, call 800-243-6000 toll-free. (In Connecticut, 1-800-882-6508) *Mfrs. suggested retail price. Freight, local taxes, dealer prep. and options extra.



Toyota Celica ST.

See how much car your money can buy.



Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos—specially softened for milder taste.

Take a closer look at your world through a pair of Bushnell Binoculars like theirs. Get yours for free B&W Raleigh Coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.



Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, Longs, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

"I WONDER HOW HE DID THAT??"

W. Clement Stone, recently acclaimed by *Intellectual Digest* as one of the world's wealthiest men with a family fortune of more than \$400,000,000, was a high school dropout who began his business with only \$100.

A prominent psychiatrist, in discussing this amazing man and his secrets of success said, "I think W. Clement Stone is a phenomenon worth studying. If I were a behaviorist and I walked into my laboratory one day and found one of my mice sitting on top of 400,000,000 kernels of corn, I would say to myself: 'What an interesting mouse. I wonder how he did that?'"

Now, you need no longer wonder "how he did that?" for **W. Clement Stone** also publishes and edits a young and very special magazine, *Success Unlimited*, and **each month he shares with you his personal techniques and principles** plus advice from experts on personal, financial and business achievement which you, too, can use to achieve the true riches of life regardless of your age, sex, color, creed, education, financial condition, environment, or present mental attitude.

Secrets of Success

Run your eyes down the columns below. They include a sample listing of articles and book excerpts that appeared in just the past twelve issues of *Success Unlimited* featuring practical "how-to" techniques and information on how to develop and use a Positive Mental Attitude (PMA) to achieve wealth, good health, peace of mind plus personal and business success. Nearly half-a-million readers profited from this priceless collection of self-help and inspirational material in the past year. Why not join them? Subscribe today . . . and begin changing your life . . . for the better!

How To Stretch Your Medical Dollar

How To Generate Instant Self-Confidence

How To Double Your Savings Interest... Safely
You're Worth Your Weight In Gold

Sin, Sex, And Self-Control
(A 6,900 Word Book Classic)

A Short Course In Human Relations
Happiness

How To Get What You Want

How To Start Getting Rich, Today
\$50,000 Worth Of Advice
What To Do With A Lemon

Levi, The Pantsmaker
How To Cure the "Boredom Bug"

A Living Goldmine
Up Your Own Organization
(A 7,200 Word Book Classic)

The Missing Number In The Combination To Success

Lord, Forgive Me When I Whine
Beatitudes For Businessmen

The Amazing American
6,570 Days To Achieve Success

How's The World Treating You
You Make Your Own Future

U-Haul To Success
UCLA Coach John Wooden's Success Pyramid

At "Busy Work" Or Busy At Work?

You Need A Trademark
The University Of Hard Knocks
(A 9,000 Word Book Classic)

The Black Horatio Alger
Letter To A Teen-Age Daughter

Letter To A Teen-Age Son
Wheat Germ:
Food For Success?
How's Your Will Power?
His Brother's Keeper

How's Your Sixth Sense Working?
How To Activate Your Success Mechanism
(A 6,800 Word Book Classic)

Is It Time To Check Yourself?
The Easter Bonnet
Don't Be Afraid To Fail

There Is A Way
How To Succeed Without Pills
How To Avoid Being "Taken" On Your Vacation

The Road To Achievement
The Greatest Thing In The World
(A 7,400 Word Book Classic)

The Obvious Secrets To Success
Don't Say It
The Unlimited Horizon

The Magic Secret
5 Cogs In The Wheel Of Success

Are You Sitting On A Fortune?
TNT: The Power Within You
(An 8,100 Word Book Classic)

You Make You Mad
What Fathers Are Made Of
A Day At A Time
On Sending A Boy To Summer Camp

The Wealth That's In Your Head
The Man Thomas Edison Hired
The Garden Of Life
Agent For Success

How To Make A Fresh Start... Three Times A Day!
How To Stop Being A Doormat
The Older You Get . . . The Smarter You Get
Are You A Candidate For "Scare School"?
How To Beat The Life Statistics
Mod Mother, Come Home To Us Now
The Magic Story
(A 7,800 Word Book Classic)

Success Vs. Failure
How To Get Rid Of "That Bulge"
Do You Love Yourself?
The Horatio Alger Award Winners
The Optimist Vs. The Pessimist
How To Succeed On A Shoestring
You've Come A Long Way, Baby!
The Most Important Ingredient Of Success
The Richest Man In Babylon
(A 7,100 Word Book Classic)

How To Find Just What You've Been Looking For
Good Intentions
How To Beat Fatigue
How To Get What You Want In Life
The Hottest Business In Scottsdale
Perfection . . . Who Needs It?

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How To Beat The Life Statistics



A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM W. CLEMENT STONE

My blessings are far beyond what any man deserves or could expect. To show my appreciation to my Creator I must share these blessings with others to do the Lord's work on earth as I see it.

As a young man I was a high school dropout with little practical experience.

What I did possess, however, was a burning desire to succeed . . . and a Positive Mental Attitude to fulfill that desire. I began to learn and apply the principles and techniques necessary to achieve lasting success and consequently I changed my life.

I am sure I can change yours.

Would you like to learn how to become more self-confident; discard unnecessary tensions and anxieties; acquire self-discipline; attain a more attractive personality; enjoy life more fully at home, at work, at play; acquire and maintain good physical, mental, moral and spiritual health; be a success in your personal, family, social and business life; acquire wealth, and attain the true riches of life . . . subjects which they never taught you in school?

Success Unlimited, the monthly magazine I edit and publish, is dedicated to motivate and show you how to master these activities . . . and more. Make a small investment in yourself . . . and your future. Order an introductory subscription, with the coupon below, and let me help you change your life . . . for the better . . . beginning today!

send no money

Many of the greatest experts in the fields of personal achievement and success will be featured in the next twelve monthly issues. Don't wait until you see another list of titles, next year, to regret all you've missed by not subscribing now.

Remember . . . just one idea from one article can change your life . . . for the better!

Subscribe today. W. Clement Stone guarantees that you cannot fail to reach your goals in life when you learn how to use your power of PMA . . . your Positive Mental Attitude. "Men were born to succeed, not to fail," wrote Thoreau . . . and in the pages of *Success Unlimited* you will discover how to live up to the great potential you have within you.

Furthermore, *Success Unlimited* is one magazine you can leave on your coffee table (without thinking twice about its contents) for your children to enjoy and share with you.

Mail this coupon today . . . and begin to live a new life filled with happiness and success . . . Success Unlimited. Do it now!

SUCCESS UNLIMITED MAGAZINE

The Arcade Building, 1355 N. Broadway
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Gentlemen:

Please begin my 12 month introductory subscription to *SUCCESS UNLIMITED* magazine. I will be \$4.97 for the subscription after I have received my first copy of the magazine.

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The Seiberling Four Seasons. A bull in snow. A whisper on pavement.

The trouble with snow tires is that they're really noisy when you're not driving on snow. But not Seiberling's famous Four Seasons. It's the *original* asymmetric snow tire, specially designed and built with DYNACOR® rayon for a smooth, quiet ride. Yet, its deep, Z-bar tread gives you superb traction in snow and on wet, slippery surfaces.

Get your Four Seasons now at your nearest Seiberling dealer. You may like them so well you'll leave them on all year long. After all, this tire isn't called the "Four Seasons" for nothing.



Seiberling. The Better Road.



LETTERS

America with a C

Sir / TIME wasted a great many pages trying to point out reasons for the huge Nixon lead over McGovern in the polls [Oct. 2]. A single paragraph in the issue tells the reason: Americans are sick and tired of hearing people attack their country. McGovern is symbolic of those who spell America with a A, and most Americans prefer it with a C. Even millions of Democrats such as myself find him totally unacceptable on this one issue.

GEORGE H. SMITH
Inglewood, Calif.

Sir / I refuse to believe that your cover of Oct. 2 shows two profiles, each depicting a different view of American life. What is shown, in fact, is a chalice—the one from which all Americans drink up the hogwash that both candidates spew forth.

MO SAMSON
New York City

Sir / You describe McGovern's America as a land of peace and prosperity where inflation and poverty would end and the environment would be cleaned. You then go on to say that "it is a glowing vision, but is it realistically attainable? And if so, how much would it cost to sustain it?" As a college junior, I think McGovern's vision sounds all right; so if the guy says he can do it, I say let him try.

ROBERT J. BAKER
Los Angeles

Sir / Surely more of us represented on the McGovern side of the cover exist in this fair land of ours than those who exist on the Nixon side: more blacks, more of the ethnic minorities, more of the unemployed, the aged, the hungry; more of the crime-war-Watergate-satiated; more humans truly concerned for the rights and dignity of all human beings.

The question is: Can all of us be alerted to the real need for George McGovern in time to get to the polls?

KATHARINE SCHRADER
East Haven, Conn.

Sir / We chuckle at Watergate. The war is too horrible to think about. We are alienated from each other. We no longer care for our neighbors, or for people dying around the world. We know Government is corrupt, but we simply shrug. We don't care any more. Richard Nixon, in four years, has been able to pull off what no outside power ever could—the crushing of the spirit of the American people. McGovern represents new hope, but we have been hurt once too often. And so we will vote for four more years of Nixon.

AL SHEAHEN
Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir / Your cover picture "The Two Americas" shows the bias of your journalism. The pictures inside President Nixon's outline on the cover show Wall Street, China and the happy well-to-do. Senator McGovern's outline shows war, hopeless-looking minorities and the poor.

Are these pictures your indication that only McGovern cares about war, minorities and the poor, while Nixon tours China and Russia for the benefit of the rich?

RICHARD A. BARLOW
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sir / In characterizing the "two Americas," you seem to have employed the same simplistic contrasts that you criticize the can-

Have you seen the new Avis buttons?



This is one of the terminals of The Wizard of Avis. The most sophisticated computer in the travel world. You'll find it at the Avis counter. For speed, accuracy, and reliability, nothing can beat it.

The Wizard of Avis. It makes Avis the most buttoned-up rent a car company in the world.

It confirms reservations instantly. You'll get the kind of car you want. Where you want it. When you want it.

If you're in The Wizard's Golden File™—The Wizard's permanent file—when you reserve a car, your rental form can already be printed up and ready to sign when you reach the Avis counter.

What's more, when you turn in your car, The Wizard computes your bill automatically and may find you qualify for a lower rate.

Just as important as what The Wizard can do is what it can't do.

It can't forget a reservation. Or lose one.

It can't make a mistake in spelling. Or arithmetic. Your bills are letter-perfect. And number-perfect.

It can't rent you a car that's been set aside for servicing or repairs. That's comforting.

It can't honor stolen credit cards. That's comforting, too. Unless you're trying to use one.

The Wizard of Avis. Now at many Avis counters. Soon almost everywhere.

Our old buttons are all a lot of fun.

Our new ones are all business.

Avis

*We try
harder.*

We're as quiet in Orlando as we are in Omaha

That's because we give you the same kind of great room everywhere. A quiet, comfortable room. With double drapes. Convenient desk space. Bigger beds. Just call the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge nearest you for a confirmed reservation at any of our 460 locations.

Someone you know,
wherever you go.



YOU TOO CAN TURN WATER INTO WINE



It's easy, with a little help from Wine-Art, America's leading supplier of home winemaking and brewing needs, with 100 shops coast to coast. To help you get started on this creative pastime, we suggest our

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weeks for delivery. Calif. res. add 5% tax.

100 SHOPS COAST TO COAST

There is no offer of stock involved here. The offer is made only to the Prospective

September 7, 1992



Will Ross, Inc.

\$25,000,000

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Price 100%
Plus accrued interest

55,000 Shares Common Stock
(\$1 Per Value)

Price \$47 per Share

Will Ross, Inc. is a public company. The offering is made only to the Prospective

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Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill, Noyes <small>Incorporated</small>	The First Boston Corporation <small>Incorporated</small>	Goldman, Sachs & Co. <small>Incorporated</small>
Lehman Brothers <small>Incorporated</small>	Kidder, Peabody & Co. <small>Incorporated</small>	Kuhn, Loeb & Co. <small>Incorporated</small>
Smith, Barney & Co. <small>Incorporated</small>	Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis <small>Incorporated</small>	Salomon Brothers <small>Incorporated</small>
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		Swiss American Corporation <small>Incorporated</small>
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LETTERS

didates for. This year's voter is not only sophisticated; he is complex.

I would venture to guess that there are many liberal intellectuals who, like myself, will support Nixon on principle rather than from resignation. For through his actions of the past year he has managed to dispel much of our previous distrust and bring flickering visions of the New Frontier and Great Society back to life. It was Nixon who surprisingly became the champion of the old liberal values: social harmony, optimism, internationalism and—above all—fairness. His moves on the diplomatic and economic fronts have destroyed what we most feared in him: the image of an intransigent dogmatist.

MAHLON H. SMITH III
New Brunswick, N.J.

Finger-Shaped Monsters

Sir / Bravo to Stefan Kanfer for his Essay on "The Decline and Fall of the American Hot Dog" [Oct. 2]. His invigorating article on those insalubrious "finger-shaped monsters" has certainly decimated my desire for them. I will never again eat another hot dog!

NANCY GIBSON
Dallas

Sir / In the 20 years I've lived, I've spent at least 18 eating hot dogs, and now I wonder how many ears, throats, snouts, insects and rodents I've consumed.

SUE STEFANSKI
Chicago

Sir / The hot dog is fading away? We know they are awful and gray. But they really taste great And we just couldn't wait Till they dropped the price on the file.

ABBY NORLING
Skowhegan, Me.

Sir / TIME's apparent endorsement of a statement that the hot dog is a "deadly missile" is a great disappointment to me and, I'm sure, to millions of other loyal fans of this cherished American tradition.

Oscar Mayer All Meat Wieners do not contain esophagi, ears, lips and snouts; they do not contain poultry meat or "binders" like dried milk, cereal or flour.

They do contain cuts of pork from the brisket and shoulder and cuts of beef from the skirt, chuck and flank. These cuts compose 85% of the wiener, including lean, fat, and moisture as it occurs naturally in the meat. The other 15% consists of 10% added water to facilitate mixing and 5% salt, sugar, spice and cure.

As for nutritiveness, one Oscar Mayer wiener contains as much protein as one egg, and only one-tenth as much cholesterol. Pound for pound, Oscar Mayer wieners contain almost as much protein as T-bone steak—about 11% v. about 13%.

I take pride, as did my father and his father, in the products which bear our name.

OSCAR G. MAYER
Chairman
Oscar Mayer & Co.
Madison, Wis.

Hitler's Corpse

Sir / Your admiring review of Walter Langer's *The Mind of Adolf Hitler* [Oct. 2] smacks of the victor mutilating the corpse of an enemy (acting, no doubt, on the superstition that heaping indignities on the dead somehow diminishes the potency of their misdeeds).

Have I not had enough of this kind of psychoanalytic overkill? It seems to be in-

If you want to put your sleeping aid fears to rest.

You may have recently read in one of the national newsmagazines that two of the three leading sleeping aids contain scopolamine, an ingredient that can cause harmful side effects when misused. Nytol[®], the only one of the leading sleeping aids not referred to in the study,* contains no scopolamine nor any ingredient like it.

Nytol does not contain scopolamine because of previous questions raised over the years concerning the effects of this ingredient. So try this safe, reliable sleeping aid that millions use with confidence, Nytol.

Just helps relax you into sleep.

This sleeping aid doesn't "put" you to sleep. It works with your body's natural sleep mechanisms. In just a short period of time, you'll find yourself falling into restful slumber.

A restful sleep.

With Nytol, you need have no fear of being "knocked out" for several hours. A disturbance or loud noise will awaken you as usual. You sleep restfully when you take Nytol.

Wake up refreshed.

When you use Nytol to ease you into sleep, you awake more rested the next morning. Nytol won't leave you with a "drugged" feeling. Nytol helps you sleep

naturally, then awaken refreshed, ready to greet the new day.

Safe ingredients.

Nytol was made to be safe, made not to induce any unwanted side effects. Nytol's gentle combination of ingredients simply relaxes you and helps ease you into sleep. Nytol, taken as directed, is both effective and safe.

Nytol can be bought without a prescription and without fear of unwanted side effects. You may not often need Nytol. But on those occasional sleepless nights, it's sure nice to know it's there.



**Safe,
restful
sleep.**



It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks upright — yet his forehead is flat, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it — but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man...

**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

announces

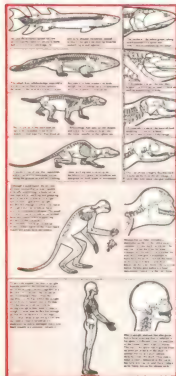
THE EMERGENCE OF MAN

Filled with startling discoveries, this important new series takes you on an expedition that traces man's origins, development and probable future... in the greatest adventure of all time.

Begin with

Life Before Man

yours to enjoy free for 10 days



Color-keyed charts like this make the evolutionary processes easy to understand.

Today, that creature who first ventured to raise himself above the other animals no longer exists; he has become you. Unique. Set apart from the 2 million other species living on the planet by a thumb that makes your hand a precision tool... by a knee that "locks" you in a comfortable upright position... and by your capacity for abstract thought and speech. All this, and more, has enabled your species to dominate the earth. And yet you share, with every other creature that ever lived, the same origins — the same accident that led to the spontaneous creation of the first single-celled algae 3.5 billion years ago.

How did it all happen? What was the evolutionary process that led to Man and his conquest of a harsh and hostile environment? You will find the amazing story in TIME-LIFE BOOKS' new series, **THE EMERGENCE OF MAN**.

In the introductory volume, *Life Before Man*, you'll experience the stranger-than-science-fiction excitement of the earth's beginnings. You'll feel a sense of immediacy and visual adventure in the incredibly life-like pictorial technique, photo-painting. In the more than 100 illustrations, and in the accuracy of its fact-filled text, you'll find fascinating new answers to age-old questions about the evolution of man.

The answers come from some of the world's most eminent authorities on anthropology, archeology, zoology and paleo-anthropology: Margaret Mead; F. Clark

Howell; Sherwood L. Washburn; Bernard Campbell and Bert Salwen. They have helped create the most authentic, up-to-date library of books on this subject available today. Once you've experienced the high adventure of *Life Before Man*, you'll eagerly anticipate the rest of the books in the series. In books such as *The Missing Link*, *The First Men*, *Cro-Magnon Man* and *The First Cities*, you'll witness the development of all the characteristics that make men human.

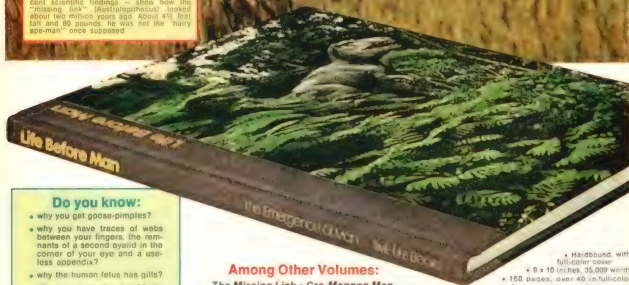
For an unforgettable trip into the origins of everything you are and know, take advantage of our introductory offer: Examine *Life Before Man* for 10 days. If it doesn't make you want to own it, send it back. If you do keep it, pay just \$5.95 (\$6.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, and we will then send you other volumes in the *Emergence of Man* series at the rate of one approximately every other month, on the same free examination terms. You may cancel this arrangement at any time. For your introductory volume, send the order form or write to: Time-Life Books, Dept. 0410, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Plus an absolutely Free Wall Chart & Map

Depicting milestones in the evolution of man. Suitable for home, office, or schoolroom. In color, 30" x 20 inches, it's yours to keep as a gift for accepting our 10-day trial offer.



Dramatic "photo-paintings" — based on recent scientific findings — show how the "missing link" (Australopithecus) looked about two million years ago. About 4½ feet tall and 80 pounds, he was not the "hairy ape-man" once supposed.

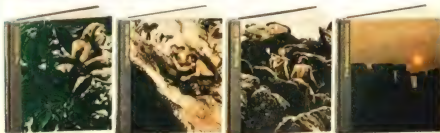


Do you know:

- why you get goose-pimples?
- why you have traces of webs between your fingers, the remnants of a second eyelid in the corner of your eye and a useless appendix?
- why the human fetus has gills?
- why some people are able to wiggle their ears?
- in what way Neanderthal Man was "religious"?
- where and when wine-drinking began?
- what dinosaurs were really like and what enabled them to rule the earth for 135 million years?
- what the latest findings are on "the missing link"?
- if any creatures except man use tools?
- whether or not there are still Neanderthals among us?

Among Other Volumes:

**The Missing Link • Cro-Magnon Man
The Neanderthals • The Monument Builders**



- Hardbound, with full-color cover
- 9 x 10 inches, 35,000 words
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Cutty Sark comes to New York.



South Street today is waking from a sleep of generations. The South Street Seaport Museum has begun to restore this historic area to its original vigor.



Cutty Sark visited New York at least twice in the 1880's. Probably, she tied up among the cream of the clipper fleet below the Brooklyn Bridge at South Street, the "street of ships," which welcomed only the most glamorous vessels and the most exotic cargoes. From one of these visits she made a gale-driven trans-Atlantic passage that claimed a record—ten days from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight. Below is her Master that voyage, Capt. J.S. Wallace.

You taste tradition in every sip of Cutty Sark. You taste classic, premium Scots whiskies, astutely blended then allowed to re-mellow for additional months. And you taste the reason why Cutty Sark is the Scotch to start with and to stay with. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.



Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.

Mazda presents the "Elegant" engine.

***It started a
Rotary Revolution
on the West Coast
that's sweeping
the nation.***

Here you see the basic bits of a 2-rotor, rotary engine. Many call it, "The Engine of Tomorrow." To a mathematician or engineer, it's "Elegant"—meaning, it represents the simplest solution to a problem.

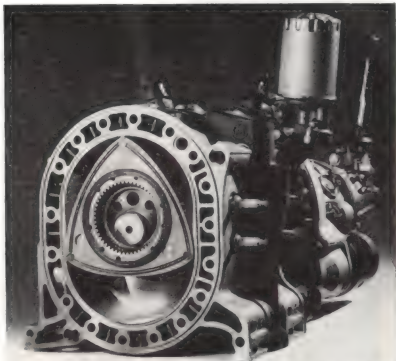
For compared to an ordinary piston engine, a rotary has about 40% fewer parts, weighs less by anything from a half to a third and it's only half the size of a Six. In addition, because of its inherent characteristics, compact shape and small size, the rotary's emissions can be controlled to meet the most stringent standards.

Perhaps a more remarkable feature of "The Engine of Tomorrow" is that for once it is indeed "Here Today!", a viable, reliable reality. And all this thanks to a company called Toyo Kogyo that got its start making machine tools, rock drills and 3-wheel trucks.

Why so remarkable? Because, if the rotary's simplicity is elegant, it is also incredibly sophisticated—a 3-lobe rotor turning through 360° within a figure-8 shaped epitrochoidal chamber, the rotor apexes in constant contact with the walls.

And although since 1958 some 20 international companies have bought licenses to develop a rotary,

Mazda RX-2 Coupe—whirling up a storm of smooth, silent, rotary power.



Basic elements of the Mazda Rotary Engine

Mazda is still the only one that has managed to mass-produce thoroughly proven and utterly reliable rotary engine cars at a reasonable price. All other things being equal, the reason why Mazda succeeded where the Giants failed must be a matter of old-fashioned determination and enthusiasm. An enthusiastic auto maker. Unusual.

So much for facts. For fun, a Mazda RX-2 Rotary belts

out big horsepower from only 70 cu. in. Power that's smooth and silent to an almost unbelievable degree. Because the rotary's moving mass spins in the same direction as the driveshaft—no jiggling up and down with pistonitis.

The fun and excitement of driving a Mazda Rotary is better experienced than described. See your Mazda Dealer and give it a whirl. There's just nothing else like it on the road. The Mazda Rotary is licensed by NSU/Wankel.

MAZDA
Toyo Kogyo Co., Ltd.



16

One of the world's great tastes

There is a best in every field.

A taste that through genius or even accident is achieved and never surpassed.

In seafood there are many great

tastes. In Bourbon there's Old Forester.

Have more than just a drink. Have one of the world's great tastes. "There is nothing better in the market."



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky / 40% Alc. / 80 Proof
Old Forester Distillery, Louisville, Kentucky



©1977 THE JDS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General.

In turn, the young Frenchman

may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For even then, men of distinction knew that making fine cognac, to the Martell family,

was more an art than a business.

It still is.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

Martell. Taste history.

SINCE 1715 VSOP CORDON ROUGE

With the perfect record, anyone can be an expert judge of high fidelity equipment.

Take a typical scratchy record and play it on the Fisher CO-12 component stereo system. If you're a high fidelity expert with long years of experience, you could still tell the sound is potentially the best that \$299.95 can buy. But if you're not, you'd be hearing 48 watts of scratch.

That's why we created *The Fisher Fidelity Standard*. A compatible stereo/4-channel record made with unyielding perfectionism, so that any distortion you hear has got to come from the equipment, not from the grooves. We don't know of any commercially available record that can equal it for testing or showing off a system.

Only Fisher dealers have it. (If you want your own copy to take home, see coupon.) Of course, it makes everything in the store sound better because at least one source of distortion has been eliminated.

But, for the same reason, it makes it very easy to judge which brand sounds best.



The Fisher Fidelity Standard. A low distortion musical program source for evaluating high fidelity equipment.

FISHER

We invented high fidelity.



\$7 value!* Only \$1!

The Fisher Fidelity Standard is a 12-inch long-playing album, produced exclusively for Fisher and recorded with up-to-the-minute engineering techniques to be the ultimate demonstration record. Five classical selections on one side; seven rock and jazz selections on the other, no incomplete excerpts. Yours for only \$1—along with a free copy of *The Fisher Handbook*, a 52-page guide to high fidelity. (*Other compatible stereo/4-channel records sell for up to \$7!) To get your copy, fill out this coupon and present it to any participating Fisher dealer.

Name

Address

City State Zip

For the name of your nearest participating Fisher dealer, call (800) 243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-(800) 882-6500.

In Canada, the name of your nearest dealer is The Fisher Associates Ltd., 55 Brimley Road, Downsview, Ontario. This offer expires February 1, 1973.



We showed Bob Blaisdell how to protect his family and his Dojo.

By day, Bob Blaisdell is a mild mannered school teacher in Weymouth, Massachusetts.

But by night, he dons his shining white "gi." And becomes a black belt karate expert.

Bob had two new babies to take care of. A toddling 10 month old son. And his newly opened Dojo (karate school)—that was still doing a bit of toddling.

The cost of supporting them both began to be a problem.

Bob knew he needed more life insurance to protect his family. But he didn't see how he could afford it—and still keep his karate school going until it got on its feet.

Fortunately, Bob found an insurance man who could help him solve his dilemma. Tom Murphy of John Hancock. Tom is a dilemma solver. He's been trained by Hancock to develop very creative life insurance programs to fit with a family's lifestyle. We call it Lifestyle Insurance.

He worked it out so Bob could get the insurance he needed now—and get more later when his Karate school could protect itself.

And, to show how pleased he was, Bob started teaching Tom Murphy's teenage son and daughter how to protect themselves with Karate.

The problem of how to afford life insurance without giving up your lifestyle is an old one for us. In fact, learning how to deal with the problem successfully is what made us one of the largest life insurance companies in the world.

How we can do it for you.

If you don't want to give up your lifestyle for your life insurance (and who does), call a Hancock agent and ask him how Lifestyle Insurance can work for you.

John Hancock
Lifestyle Insurance

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Oct. 23, 1972 Vol. 100, No. 17

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Bracelets That Bind

To try to keep up the spirits of the P.O.W.s, Americans are donning bracelets—some 4,000,000 at last count. Each is a metal band engraved with the name and rank of a serviceman and the date he was taken prisoner or listed as missing in action. The wearer agrees to keep the bracelet on until all 1,783 imprisoned and missing Americans are accounted for and their camps have been inspected by the Red Cross.

The bracelets are distributed by VIVA (Voices in Vital America), a non-profit organization based in Los Angeles. Working out of six regional offices, a staff of 60 full-time employees handles the bands as well as bundles of other materials sent out free: buttons, brochures, matchbooks, bumper stickers ("P.O.W.s Never Have a Nice Day"). Of the \$3.5 million VIVA has received, it has plowed back all but \$35,000 into more materials.

Bracelet wearers come in all shades of opinion on the war. They include Eleanor McGovern, Bob Hope and George Wallace, General William Westmoreland and Princess Grace of Monaco. Many members of Congress and Governors wear the bracelets. President Nixon does not, but his brother Edward has ordered three.

P.O.W. BRACELETS ON WALLACE, MCGOVERN
BOTTOM: WESTMORELAND



Remembering Paul

When Illinois Secretary of State Paul Powell died in 1970, he left behind an unexplained fortune of \$2,000,000, including \$800,000 in cash stashed away in shoeboxes in a Springfield hotel. To celebrate the second anniversary of Powell's demise, the Rev. Donald Wheat, pastor of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago, held a memorial service last week. "If we hold services for Gandhi, Washington, Lincoln and other greats," explained the pastor, "then maybe people like Powell should be remembered by their constituents too."

Powell was given a service with all the trimmings. After reading the parable of the rich fool, Wheat followed up with a nursery rhyme, *The Crooked Man*. Wheat reviewed Powell's career: twice voted the state's outstanding legislator, named Man of the Year by veterans' groups. He recalled how Powell's secretary, affectionately known as "Little Bit," accompanied the old pol on his last trip and tried, unsuccessfully, to spirit away the shoeboxes before authorities discovered them. Wheat wound up with a favorite Powell quote: "There's only one thing worse than a defeated politician and that is a broke one"—a condition Powell steadfastly avoided. The church collection was taken up in shoeboxes.

Growing Up in New York

It is not only people that are upwardly mobile in New York City. So, it would seem, are buildings. For years, the 102-story Empire State Building dominated the skyline, tallest of the tall in a city of proud skyscrapers. Then, last year, the twin towers of the World Trade Center rose eight stories higher. Feeling dwarfed by these brash newcomers, Robert W. Jones, vice president of Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, the original Empire architects, reflected, "Here's a building that's been the tallest building for 40 years, and now it's no longer the tallest." As Jones tells it, "Almost with tongue in cheek, I thought that maybe we could add a few floors."

The architects found the Empire had been built so solidly that another eleven floors could be safely added at a cost of \$20 million. Omitted from the calculations is how the Trade Center will react to being displaced as No. 1. Will it in turn feel compelled to add a few more floors to recapture the coveted position? If so, where will it all end? Out of sight.



More Fumes from the Watergate Affair

This kind of activity has no place whatever in our electoral process or in our governmental process. And the White House had no involvement whatever in this particular incident.

SO Richard Nixon told a White House press conference last summer, just after the first revelations of the Watergate affair. But some incriminating connections soon were made. Two of the seven men indicted for breaking into the Democratic National Headquarters last June to plant bugging devices had served for a time as White House consultants. The money that financed the espionage operation was traced to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Now TIME has learned that information in the Justice Department's files establishes a direct link between the White House and a Los Angeles attorney named Donald H. Segretti, who was paid more than \$35,000 from the C.R.P.'s funds to subvert and disrupt Democratic candidates' campaigns this election year.

The department's files state that Segretti, a 31-year-old registered Democrat and a former Treasury Department lawyer, was hired in September 1971 by Dwight Chapin, a deputy assistant to the President, and Gordon Strachan, a staff assistant at the White House. Chapin is the President's most trusted aide-de-camp and acts as a liaison between Nixon and his giant staff. For his services, Segretti was paid by Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal attorney who has handled such matters as the acquisition of Nixon's estate at San Clemente, Calif. Segretti's recompense included a \$16,000-a-year salary plus expenses. From Sept. 1, 1971, to March 15, 1972, Kalmbach gave Segretti more than \$35,000, including one payment of \$25,000 in cash. The money came from a C.R.P. fund that was kept in the safe of Maurice Stans, chief political fund raiser for the President. Chapin and Strachan did not respond to efforts to reach them for comment.

It was a record of telephone calls between E. Howard Hunt, apparently one of the chief movers in the Watergate operation, and Segretti that first put investigators on to the scent. Next they discovered that Segretti went to Miami to meet with Hunt, one of the two former White House consultants indicted in the Watergate affair. The meetings occurred at the time the Watergate bugging scheme was being planned. The Justice Department investigators, under the command of Assistant Attorney General Henry E. Petersen, did not pursue the Segretti connection.

Segretti divulged to Justice Department officials only the bare outlines of his mission. He said that he was hired,

among other things, to disrupt the primary campaigns of Democratic candidates. On one occasion, he said, he went to California to harass candidates with telephone calls and feed them false tips. He also arranged to have embarrassing questions put to the Democrats at their public appearances. The Department of Justice learned that in 1971 Segretti asked a former Army officer friend to infiltrate the George Wallace campaign and work as an informant.

An assistant attorney general of Tennessee, Alex B. Shipley, has said that Segretti approached him last year and tried to hire him to disrupt Democratic campaigners. "It wasn't represented as a strong-arm operation," said Shipley. "He stressed what fun we could have." As an example of the trouble he might cause, Shipley was told that he could call the manager of a coliseum where a Democratic rally was to be held. He could represent himself as the candidate's field manager and report some threats from hippies or other troublemakers, asking that the rally be moved up to, say, 9 o'clock, thus ensuring that the coliseum would be padlocked when the candidate arrived at 7.

Know Nothing. As the fumes of Watergate continued contaminating the atmosphere of the election year, there were other hints of "fun." The Washington Post reported last week that a letter to New Hampshire's Manchester *Union Leader* accusing Edmund Muskie of a racial slur against French Canadians may have been written by Ken W. Clawson, deputy director of White House communications. A *Post* reporter, Marilyn Berger, claimed that Clawson told her that he had written the note, which said Muskie had condoned the epithet "Canuck," an insult to New England's French Canadians. The letter, published over the signature of a "Paul Morrison" in the *Union Leader*, helped to precipitate Muskie's famous "crying speech," when the candidate shed indignant tears and thus damaged his image of stability. Clawson last week declared: "I know nothing about it."

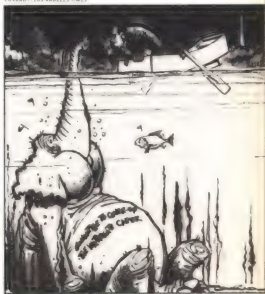
Last week Edmund Muskie charged that his presidential effort was plagued by a "systematic campaign of sabotage," although he did not specifically accuse the Republicans. Sometimes, he said, embarrassing campaign material was sent to constituents in "Muskie" envelopes. Once, before the Florida primary, a flyer was distributed on Muskie's stationery accusing Senators Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson of illicit sexual activities.

TIME has also learned that Bernard Barker, the former CIA agent who led the raiding party into the Watergate, recruited nine Cubans from Miami in early May and assigned them to attack

Daniel Ellsberg, the man who released the Pentagon papers to the public. Barker flew the Cubans to Washington first class, showed them a picture of Ellsberg, and told them: "Our mission is to hit him—to call him a traitor and punch him in the nose. Hit him and run." The site chosen was outside the Capitol rotunda, where the body of J. Edgar Hoover was lying in state. The idea was to denounce Ellsberg, who was holding a rally on the steps, and start a riot. As it turned out, the "riot" ended after a brief flurry of punches, most of which landed on Ellsberg's bodyguard.

It is difficult to tell just what effect

COVERED BY ANSLEY/WEBB



"...Four more weeks!...Four more weeks!..."

the Watergate affair and other episodes of political sabotage will have upon the presidential election. It may be that the entire issue of dirty tricks will only linger vaguely in the air and then be swept aside in a Nixon triumph. Texas Democrat Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, failed last week in his repeated efforts to open a congressional investigation of Watergate.

With that, Edward Kennedy, as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, took the first steps to open an investigation of his own. Late last week, the subcommittee's Democratic majority approved Kennedy's plans to subpoena witnesses in an inquiry not only of Watergate but also of other political espionage. Whether the investigation could be mounted soon enough—or would uncover enough beyond what is known—to stir an apparently indifferent public remained a question.

The Disgrace of Campaign Financing

For a time last week, George McGovern stood on a sidewalk in New York signing autographs in exchange for \$1 bills.

THE present system is a scandal, perhaps the fatal flaw in American democracy," declares Los Angeles Fund Raiser Harold Willens. "It's the nastiest thing in all of politics, and it may destroy our whole political system," contends Missouri Judge George W. Lehr. "There's a smell, an odor about it, and unless things change the system cannot survive," insists Larry O'Brien, campaign manager for George McGovern. Says Senator Edward Kennedy: "It is the most flagrant single abuse in our democracy, the unconscionable power of money."

The object of this collective condemnation is the venerable U.S. political practice of making every candidate for public office, from President down to town clerk, depend upon voluntary contributions to get elected. Often vilified but never seriously challenged, the system embarrasses and compromises both donor and candidate, openly invites corruption, and suggests to an increasingly cynical public that favors can be bought. Irrational and poorly regulated, the giving and getting are often done through sham committees, so as to preserve anonymity or evade ill-conceived laws. Much of this activity is furtive, although this year everyone seems to be talking more openly about the mechanics and manipulations of fund raising than ever before.

The system protects incumbents, who can grant the favors to attract the donors. It handicaps the candidate, however able, who lacks the connections or the character to curry cash. More basically, it undermines the premise that all individuals, regardless of wealth, are equal under the law.

To be sure, most of the indignation arises this year among Democrats, who fear that McGovern, whatever his failings, will not be able to muster the kind of money needed to give him any chance of overcoming the huge lead in voter preference held by Richard Nixon. Although the McGovern campaign is doing amazingly well in obtaining small donations through mass mailings, the candidate has badly failed in corraling the really big money. The result is that the McGovern campaign will be hard-pressed to raise \$22 million. Nixon's committees expect to muster at least \$45 million. That financial edge would be the largest the Republicans have held since Big Business ganged up on F.D.R. 32 years ago.

The Nixon Administration is marshaling all its great resources to re-elect the President, and not the least of those

resources is the ability to attract campaign donations. There is scarcely a business, union, profession or special-interest group whose well-being cannot be affected by Washington or whose leaders would not like influence there.

Most notable among the Administration's activities has been the all-out use of former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans to badger money out of corporate executives whose profits were once influenced by his departmental policies—and would be again if he were to return to the Cabinet after a Nixon re-election. Cynical, too, was Stans' frantic drive to round up more than \$10 million in donations before a new law would make public the identity of the donors, and in spite of Nixon's pious pronouncement that disclosure would "guard against campaign abuses and work to build public confidence in the integrity of the electoral process." There were, moreover, 1) the secretive diversion of campaign funds through Mexico in the Watergate case, 2) the Administration's reversal in raising milk subsidies shortly before receiving large campaign gifts from dairy producers, 3) the furor over ITT's offer of financial support to the Republican National Convention and a favorable settlement it received from the Justice Department in antitrust cases. Whatever the degree of innocence in each instance, the appearance of wrongdoing, the possibility of a shrouded donation being offered to Government, remained.

Hate It. Even when the motives of both donor and recipient are beyond suspicion, the experience is still humiliating for the candidate. "Raising campaign funds is the most distasteful, demeaning and embarrassing aspect of elective politics," declares even the gregarious Hubert Humphrey. "You have to go to the same people time after time. I hated it." Agrees Henry Kimelman, McGovern's finance chairman: "It's demeaning the first time. It's additionally demeaning the second time. It's superdemeaning the third time. It gets to where you want to sink through the floor."

The introverted McGovern is especially reticent about begging. Explains Kimelman: "I've arranged functions for McGovern and tipped him off: 'Now So-and-so will be there. He's a big contributor.' McGovern won't go up and say a thing. He'll never be able to go up to a guy and say, 'Gee, things are tough right now. It certainly would be helpful if...' The only time I'm sure he'll even make a thank-you call is when I'm with him. I'll make the call and I'll

say, 'Here's So-and-so, he's just given us \$80,000 and his wife's name is Edna. Say hello.' Then I hand him the phone."

Despite the humiliation and the ethical morass that surrounds political fund raising, candidates are of necessity plunging into it on a huge scale. The nation has some 500,000 elective offices, and Herbert E. Alexander, the nation's leading scholar on campaign financing, estimates that \$400 million will be spent campaigning for those on the November ballots. Spurred by inflation, the expanded use and rising costs of television, computer studies, pollsters and various technical consultants, the bills of increasingly sophisticated campaigning are soaring. (For

McGOVERN SIGNING FOR DOLLARS



example, 60 seconds of prime time on CBS costs between \$40,000 and \$55,000.) According to Alexander's Princeton-based Citizens Research Foundation, the 1972 expenditures will be nearly triple those of 20 years ago, when \$140 million was spent.

The pursuit of the available dollars is frantic, the methods imaginative. In Chicago, Congressman Abner Mikva held an auction, including the sale of

workers in Boston have used poker parties, bean suppers, barn sales, hayrides and even a "polka night" to help raise more than \$250,000.

The high-priced dinner is a favorite device, since it is often lucrative (two such affairs recently raised \$3.3 million for Nixon). Also, overhead is relatively low. No sales pitch by the candidate is necessary; the ticket price is an advance contribution. Republicans raised a hefty \$21.5 million this way in 1968, and the Democrats \$17.9 million. Although the price of tickets sometimes runs higher, Republicans generally stop at \$1,000 a plate and Democrats at \$500. Since the

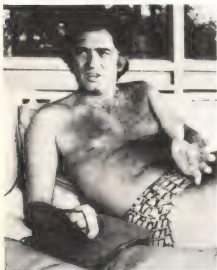
commitment is greater in the highly competitive chase for the checks of wealthy individuals. Reluctant or not, McGovern has been darting to intimate gatherings of the wealthy, such as the party given recently by United Artists Chairman Arthur B. Krim in his Manhattan home. Sitting Presidents are usually spared such personal hustling. Instead, Nixon's "surrogate," Maurice Stans, has been flying about the nation, mainly working one on one, as well as making efficient use of the telephone.

McGovern and Stans make their pitches in entirely different keys. The McGovern approach was demonstrated recently when some 70 of Wisconsin's wealthy liberals, about half of them Jewish, gathered in Milwaukee's Pfister Hotel. They sipped cocktails and munched Wisconsin cheese and crackers until McGovern arrived. After shaking hands all round, he talked quietly but optimistically for 20 minutes about the state of his campaign. Then he answered questions for half an hour. What about tax reform, inheritance taxes, property taxes, defense cuts? Most of his questioners already knew the answers, but the gift-giving ritual requires that they hear it from the man. Later they could tell friends: "As George McGovern told me last night..." Not once did McGovern mention money. He thanked them, smiled and left.

Screams. Then Burt Zien, the Milwaukee plumbing and heating tycoon who had organized the affair, took over. "Okay, you fellows know why you're here," he began. He painted a sorry picture of McGovern's finances and stepped up the pressure. "He needs money fast—very fast. He has to tie down television time and pay travel bills. Soliciting pledges through the mail and collecting them takes too much time. What we want you to do is to loan McGovern money now. This will probably be the least-secured loan you'll ever make. There's no collateral and no interest. You might take a loss." Then he explained the McGovern practice of accepting a loan and putting aside one-fourth of gifts to begin repaying the loan within two weeks. (If the loan is not repaid, it is considered a gift, not a tax-deductible loss.) That night McGovern picked up \$50,000—but his aides had hoped for \$250,000.

Stans is far more direct. When he gets on the phone to a prospect, claims a Republican admirer, "he's totally ruthless. He yells. He screams. He talks about preserving free enterprise, patriotism, citizen responsibility. If a guy offers an amount but not enough, Maury won't hang up until the ante is upped." One favorite Stans technique has been to hold small cocktail parties in various states for wealthy businessmen, appoint each guest a solicitor, assign him a quota and then, as an associate, "Maury nags each and every one until he meets or exceeds his quota." When a donor is in doubt about what he should give, Stans has a modest suggestion: 1%

KIMELMAN RELAXING AT HOME



STANS ON TRIP FOR ADMINISTRATION



GOLFER DOUG SANDERS, SPIRO AGNEW & ACTOR JOHN WAYNE AT G. P. FUND-RAISING DINNER. Some have neither the connections nor character to curry cash.

such political memorabilia as an umbrella used by Teddy Kennedy on a recent visit. To raise money for Democrat Dan Walker's campaign for Governor of Illinois, his aides initiated a series of "Two Dollars for Dan" luncheons, enlisting ten people, each of whom would hold a luncheon for ten guests at \$2 each. Those 100 attending people each agreed to hold a similar luncheon for nine others, who would then do so for eight, and so on in de-escalating, chain-letter fashion. McGovern

dinners are large and each guest pays the same price, the taint of special privilege is slight. On a smaller scale, sponsors of a \$25 dinner for Alaska State Senator C.R. Lewis were embarrassed when they sold 700 tickets and only a dozen guests appeared. Many of the absentees, it turned out, were Seattle-based businessmen who apparently appreciated Lewis' opposition to restrictions on Alaska oil pipelines.

The solicitation stakes are higher and the possibility of a compromising



W. CLEMENT STONE



RAY A. KROC



MAX PALEVSKY



ALEJANDRO ZAFFARONI

Who's Who Among the Big Givers

TRYING to track who gives what to whom is like determining the number of real blondes in the U.S. If the Republicans have their way, for example, nobody will ever know where the more than \$10 million came from that Maurice Stans collected before the disclosure law took effect on April 7. Nearly every big giver of both parties routinely shards his gifts into \$3,000-and-under bits and scatters them among dozens of committees. Against all odds, the non-profit Citizens' Research Foundation, headed by Herbert E. Alexander, a political scientist, attempts an accounting each election year, based on voluntary disclosures made by candidates and statements filed. Such a system cannot ferret out those determined to conceal their gifts, but it does at least give an indication of what the honest men are up to. Herewith a necessarily incomplete gallery of top donors in this campaign through Aug. 31, prepared by TIME from the C.R.F.'s data:

WALTER T. DUNCAN, 45, a Texas real estate developer with an aversion to publicity and photographers. Gifts:

Hubert Humphrey, \$300,000; Nixon, \$257,000. "McGovern goes too far," said Duncan in explaining his post-primary Republican switch.

W. CLEMENT STONE, 70, Winnetka, Ill., chairman and chief executive officer of Combined Insurance Co. of America (assets: \$319,725,000). Gifts: Nixon, \$25,000; Republican National Committee, \$11,000. Stone, who was Nixon's biggest financial backer in 1968, says that he has given a total of \$500,000 to Nixon so far this year, the bulk of it before the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971 went into effect in April.

RAY A. KROC, 70, Chicago, chairman and chief executive officer of McDonald's Corp., Oak Brook, Ill. Gifts: Nixon, \$255,000.

MAX PALEVSKY, 48, Los Angeles, founder of Scientific Data Systems, largest single stockholder in Xerox, interests in films (*Marjoe*) and publishing, chairman of Straight Arrow Publishers (*Rolling Stone*). Gifts: McGovern, \$126,852; McCloskey, \$9,825. Loans: McGovern, \$230,000.

of the contributor's net worth.

Insiders in both parties insist that nothing is ever promised the donors in any of these dialogues. Indeed, any direct connection between a donation and a later official favor is almost impossible to prove. The law long intended to govern such giving but scandalously ignored was the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, which continued a ban on contributions by corporations or national banks. Its main thrust was to require that the candidates report what they spent.

This law was expanded somewhat by the Hatch Act in 1939 and an amendment in 1940. They limited contributions from any one individual to \$5,000 a year and banned any political committee operating in more than one state from spending more than \$3 million a year. Any business or individual working under a federal contract was also barred from contributing. Federal employees could not take any part in national campaigning. A permanent prohibition against contributions from labor unions was added in the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947.

The ineffectiveness of the Corrupt Practices Act is demonstrated by the fact that no one was ever successfully prosecuted under it—even though countless candidates filed no spending reports at all. When this was called to the attention of the Justice Department in various administrations, the buck was usually passed back to either the clerk

of the House or the Secretary of the Senate, to whom the reports had to be made. These officials, respectful of their legislative bosses, let the matter die. Any candidate could claim that he was unaware of the expenditures in his behalf and so did not report them. McGovern took this loophole in not revealing any of his 1968 re-election expenses.

The old laws spawned the creation of countless dummy committees operating either in single states, and thus beyond reach of the law, or in the District of Columbia. Individuals wanting to give more than \$5,000 could escape detection by giving to such nonreporting committees—and thus easily evade the limits on both spending and giving. Another purpose served by the phony committee—often just a name and a mailing address—was to enable large donors to avoid the gift tax that must be paid on any contribution exceeding \$3,000. They merely had to break their donations down to \$3,000 checks among various committees. The saving

is no small matter. In 1968 Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. admirably refused to use such a dodge when she gave \$1,432,625 to the presidential effort of her stepson, Nelson Rockefeller. As a result, she paid a federal gift tax of \$854,483.

Other evasions of the spirit if not the letter of the law were commonplace. Companies often got around the ban on corporate giving by awarding top officers special bonuses, with the understanding that they would be used as individual political contributions. It is probable that many gifts by executives somehow wind up on company books as income tax deductions for business expenses. Labor unions merely set up political-action committees, relying on the "voluntary" contributions of their members to finance them.

Congress last year tried to tighten up the financing laws by passing the Federal Election Campaign Act. It repealed the hopelessly corrupted Corrupt Practices Act and requires that all candidates and their committees report



STEWART MOTT



FOSTER G. MCGAW



J. IRWIN MILLER

DR. ALEJANDRO C. ZAFFARONI, 48, president of Alza Corp., a Palo Alto, Calif., pharmaceutical firm. Gifts: McGovern, \$226,000; McCloskey, \$11,000. Zaffaroni, a developer of contraceptives and a drug researcher, is also a Uruguayan citizen and thus will not be able to vote in the presidential election.

STEWART RAWLINGS MOTT, 34, New York City philanthropist, son of the General Motors pioneer and major stockholder Charles Stewart Mott. Gifts: McGovern, \$212,361; Lindsay, \$5,000; McCloskey, \$5,500. Loans: McGovern, \$377,500.

FOSTER G. MCGAW, 75, Evanston, Ill., honorary chairman and founder of American Hospital Supply Corp. Gifts: Nixon, \$196,298, and \$3,000 to a Republican Party committee.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH IRWIN MILLER, 63, is chairman of Cummins Engine Co., Columbus, Ind. Gifts: Lindsay, \$150,000; McCloskey, \$18,500.

JOSEPH M. SEGEL, 41, Merion, Pa., president of the Franklin Mint, Inc., a manufacturer of commemorative coins and medals. Gifts: Nixon, \$114,000.

EVAN P. HELFAER, 74, Milwaukee, major stockholder in Colgate-Palmolive Co. Gifts: Nixon, \$21,261.

DWAYNE O. ANDREAS, 54, Miami Beach, chairman of First Intercoceanic Corp., chairman of the executive committee of Archer-Daniels-Midland Co. (flour and soybean products). Gifts: Humphrey, \$75,000; Nixon, \$25,000. His money earmarked for the Nixon campaign was later found by the FBI in the bank account of one of the original Watergate Five.

ANTHONY T. ROSSI, 71, Bradenton, Fla., chairman and president of Tropical Products Inc. Gifts: Nixon, \$100,000.

HENRY L. KIMELMAN, 51, chairman of the West Indies Corp. and various other corporations in the Virgin Islands, and McGovern's national finance chairman. Gifts: McGovern, \$76,740. Loans: McGovern, \$290,000.

MARTIN PERETZ, 32, an assistant professor of social studies at Harvard whose wife has holdings in the Singer Company. Gifts: McGovern, \$76,000. Loans: McGovern, \$114,000.

MR. AND MRS. MILES L. RUBIN, 42, is a Los Angeles manufacturer and industrialist. Gifts: McGovern, \$58,300; Muskic, \$2,000; McCloskey, \$4,600. He has also loaned McGovern \$225,000.



ANTHONY T. ROSSI



HENRY KIMELMAN



MARTIN PERETZ



MILES L. RUBIN



JOSEPH M. SEGEL



EVAN P. HELFAER



DWAYNE O. ANDREAS

the name, address and vocation of anyone giving them more than \$100. Anyone to whom the committees pay more than \$100 must also be listed. The act limits what a politician or his family can give to his own candidacy (\$50,000 in a campaign for President or Vice President, \$35,000 for Senator, \$25,000 for Representative). For the first time, a ceiling is placed on what a candidate can spend for television, radio, newspapers, magazines, billboards and automatic telephone equipment. Within the overall limit (10¢ per vote-age resident of the relevant electoral region), only 60% can be spent on broadcasting.

So far, the major impact of the new law, which took effect April 7, has been to loose an avalanche of lists and papers. First came a 72-page manual of instruction from the Comptroller General, who supervises presidential campaigns, then a 15-page Senate manual and a six-page House booklet. Since as many as 10,000 separate committees may be required to report (all groups

spending more than \$1,000), the paper work seems overwhelming. The Senate secretary, Francis R. Valeo, anticipates handling 200,000 sheets of paper this year. Looking over some of the early reports of contributors and expenditures in Senate races is enough to glaze the eyes. The report for just one of the re-election committees for Texas Republican John Tower runs to nearly 1,400 computer readout pages on microfilm.

About the only other discernible result of the new law has been to scare off some contributors who are shy of publicity. Disclosure produces some adverse effects on even the best-intentioned big giver. It can hurt his business by identifying him with a candidate that some of his customers might not like or invite reprisals by mean-minded officials if his candidate loses. Moreover, the donor seeking no favors at all could later be legitimately tapped for a government job or given a favorable agency ruling—and reporters, checking back, might link this with the gift.

In practice, such innocence is the stuff of a Diogenes quest. Usually operators on both sides are too sophisticated to demand openly a *quid pro quo* deal. But money by itself can carry a message. Some examples of situations that do not appear innocent:

► The motives of special-interest givers are suspect when the recipient is a Congressman who holds power on committees with jurisdiction over the donors' activity. When the givers do not reside in the candidate's state, it is especially clear that they are seeking to influence him, rewarding him for past help, or appreciative of his friendly attitude and fearful of his opponent. Democratic Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia is getting money from at least eight out-of-state business executives, all presidents of cement companies. It is hardly coincidental that he chairs the Public Works Committee.

► Executives of the securities industry and savings and loan firms are contributing to the re-election of Massachusetts Republican Senator Edward Brooke. Brooke, who promises to be an easy re-election winner, is a member of the Senate Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee and its securities subcommittee.

► The Massachusetts Bankers Association held a \$99-a-plate fund-raising dinner in Boston. All the money was distributed to out-of-state Senators: Democrat John Sparkman of Alabama, Republican John Tower of Texas and

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Democrat Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire. All three, like Brooke, sit on the Senate Banking Committee.

► Special-interest donors sometimes give to powerful legislators even though their campaigns seem to have little need of money. One officeholder in that situation is House Majority Leader Hale Boggs, who has acquired \$100,000 in campaign funds even though he faces no opposition in his re-election bid this year. Among the donors are nine California-based executives of Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Co., which has a Louisiana subsidiary.

► Sometimes a gift has a string openly attached. Last week Dillard Munford, Georgia finance chairman of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, was offered \$20,000 from a businessman who said he wanted appointment to a federal board in Washington. Munford promised to "see to it he met the right people," but "then he'd have to stand on his own merits." The donation was accepted.

► Companies that profit from strip-mining operations in West Virginia are locked in a money battle with environmentalists. The miners are contributing to the re-election campaign of Republican Governor Arch Moore, and the opponents of strip-mining are giving to the campaign of Democrat John D. Rockefeller IV. One strip-mine operator concedes that the strippers have also accumulated \$150,000 for the campaigns of state legislators who side with them. Laws to abolish this kind of mining are pending in the legislature.

► The Maryland Chairman of Democrats for Nixon, Harry Rodgers III, seems to have more than an ideological interest in re-electing the President. Announcing a drive to raise \$250,000 for Nixon, he denied that his concern stemmed from the fact that most of the business of his land-development partnerships is with the Federal Government. His business gets some \$5 million a year from the Government in lease payments, including revenue from property occupied near Baltimore by the National Security Agency and the Social Security Administration. Another lease and building deal is awaiting federal approval.

► It has long been common to reward big contributors with ambassadorships, despite their lack of diplomatic experience. Large donors who made it under Nixon include Kingdon Gould Jr., who gave \$22,000 and became ambassador to Luxembourg; Guilford Dudley Jr., \$51,000, Denmark; John P. Humes, \$43,000, Austria; Vincent DeRoulet, \$44,500, Jamaica. A big giver under President Eisenhower, Maxwell H. Gluck, was embarrassed at confirmation hearings for his ambassadorship to Ceylon when he could not name that nation's Prime Minister.

Issues as well as candidates and appointments can be unfairly influenced by whoever can raise the most money. In a recent referendum battle in Mon-

tana over whether the state should adopt a 2% sales tax or a 27% increase in the income tax, a group called Save Our State put \$77,000 into the unsuccessful drive to promote the sales tax. Forced by court order to open its books, S.O.S. was found to be financed almost entirely by three corporate giants—the Anaconda Co., the Montana Power Co. and Burlington Northern Inc.—who hoped a sales tax would lead to relief of their heavy property taxes.

The proliferation of propositions on the California ballot, meant to be the ultimate in democratic expression, has been perverted into a financial battle between opposing groups. With the aid of high-powered public relations firms and lavish use of broadcasting, wealth often wins. One illustration is the defeat last June of a controversial proposition that would have restricted industry from polluting the air. Such firms as Bethlehem Steel, General Motors, Gulf Oil, Humble Oil & Refining, Shell Oil, Dow Chemical and Pacific Gas & Electric helped assemble a kitty of \$1.4 million. This overwhelmed the \$186,510 spent by a committee called the People for the Clean Environment Act.

Clout. It may be on the local level that self-interested money most distorts the democratic process, partly because a large contribution carries more clout there. A lawyer contributes to a district attorney's re-election because the D.A. can dismiss cases defended by his legal friends. Textbook suppliers seek contracts by donating to candidates for school boards or elective school administrators. Hoping to get the accounts, bankers back with cash the officials who determine where municipal or state funds will be kept. Such dealings look perfectly proper to Kansas City Banker Alex Barkel, who asks: "If I contribute to a candidate for Governor, wouldn't it be natural for him to become my friend—and then put some of the state's funds in his friend's bank?"

There are plenty of politicians who do not condone that kind of coziness. Christopher Bond, Republican candidate for Governor of Missouri, has refused a large contribution from a sharp operator hoping to benefit from parimutuel betting if it becomes law there. Illinois Republican Governor Richard Ogilvie declares that he never looks at lists of contributors to his re-election drive so that he can say that he is not influenced by them. Iowa's Republican Governor Robert Ray has lost some contributions because he rejects any check larger than \$3,000 as being too much to take from a single source.

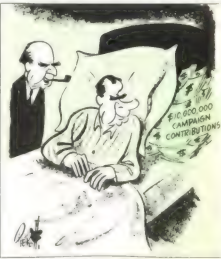
The money gets bigger at the national level and harder to turn down. Nevertheless Humphrey says that he declined a large gift from New York Philanthropist Stewart Mott, now a prime McGovern benefactor, in 1968 when Mott wanted Humphrey to denounce the Viet Nam War more strongly. Mott denies this, but he has tried to influence the positions of other candi-



"What are you trying to do... destroy the two-party system?"



The Mexican connection.



"The tooth fairy left it."

dates. Sounded out by Texas oil interests during the Democratic primaries this year, Edmund Muskie passed up much cash because he refused to abandon his intention of trying to lower the oil-depletion allowance. Most gifts, of course, do not come with such specific conditions, yet when accepted they often have a subtle, if not sinister effect. Explains Humphrey: "If you're kind to me, I'm going to remember you, although that doesn't mean I'm going to do anything for you that I don't think ought to be done."

A kindly feeling does open bureaucratic doors, however, when a donor wants to be sure his case gets a fair hearing before some arm of Government. That feeling, more than any outright payoff for a proffered gift, probably was behind the Nixon Administration's error in the ITT controversy. Top ITT executives got to talk with officials in the Justice Department—an opportunity the small businessman, or the noncontributor, rarely gets.

Phony. Far less excusable in its preferential treatment of rich contributors is the manner in which the Committee for the Re-Election of the President collected \$100,000 from rich Democrats in Texas (see diagram). As detailed by investigators trying to find out the sources of funds used to bug the Watergate headquarters of the Democratic National Committee, that money, probably given as cash, next appeared in the bank accounts of Gulf Resources & Chemical Corp. Its president, Robert H. Allen, is chairman of the Texas finance division of the Nixon re-election committee. G. R. & C. transferred the money to a subsidiary in Mexico. Compania de Azufre Veracruz, S.A. This firm, in turn, gave it to one of Allen's attorneys, Manuel Ogario Daguerre, of Mexico City. Ogario converted the \$100,000 check into \$11,000 in cash and four bank drafts, apparently related to the size of the original gifts. An unidentified courier carried the money back to Houston. There it was placed in a suitcase along with \$600,000 more collected by Allen in Texas, and flown in a private aircraft to Washington by Pennzoil Executive Roy Winchester.

Winchester then turned the \$700,000 over to the re-election committee in Washington, where it was stashed in a safe in Stans' office. The four drafts later turned up in the Miami bank accounts of Bernard Barker, one of the seven men accused of bugging Watergate. Of the remaining money in the Stans safe, \$350,000 was deposited in a Washington bank with the notation on a deposit slip: "Cash on hand to 4/7/72 from 1968 campaign." Stans later admitted to investigators that the notation was phony; the money had been collected more recently. The General Accounting Office searched unsuccessfully for the legally required record of expenditures from this fund. It contended there were "apparent" vio-

lations of law and, since it has no enforcement powers, turned its findings over to the Justice Department. There the case rests—and presumably will until after Nov. 7. The FBI has not even been asked to begin an investigation of the GAO contentions—a first step before federal prosecution.

Why were the campaign funds so carefully "laundered" in Mexico? Undoubtedly, it was partly to protect the anonymity of the donors, even though Attorney General Richard Kleindienst has called disclosure of campaign financing "the essence of our democratic processes." Yet a trusted "bag man" could just as readily have accepted the money and passed it along to the C.R.P. with as much security and less effort. Some investigators believe the scheme may have been intended to allow the

highly successful Democratic fund raiser. "People give first of all because they know the candidate personally," he says. "Second, because they like him or believe in him. A third group simply likes to feel involved. Another group is the problem solvers: they think they can solve the world's problems through the candidate. Then there is ego money: people who want to be seen around the candidate. There's loyalty money. It comes from people who know the guy's going to lose but they're going to stick by him. There's sure-thing money: people who want to be with a winner in anything. And there's just-in-case money, which comes from people who back one candidate but give money to the other, too, just in case he should win."

Both presidential candidates court this ego involvement, although Nixon's

A CASE STUDY IN PASSING THE BUCKS



contributors to mask the donations on corporate records as a business expense for income tax purposes. The foreign bank and the use of a Mexican lawyer, who could claim lawyer-client confidence, would effectively block any IRS investigation of how the "business deduction" was actually used.

In various ways, political giving can be made to yield tax advantages. A common—and perfectly legal—device is the "soft loan," in which the donor gives, in effect, the difference between what he paid for some stock and its higher value on the current market. Such complexities are all part of the arcane world of the big-time, big-money political philanthropist. While that atmosphere reeks with the potential for corruption and favoritism, more benign motives inspire most of the more open givers. The types are tidily described by Eugene Wyman, a Beverly Hills lawyer and

power gives him a huge advantage. A \$5,000 donation to the Nixon committee brings the giver an RN pin with a diamond chip. \$12,000 nets a pen-and-pencil set with the presidential seal and Nixon's embossed signature. A White House invitation is likely to follow a \$25,000 check—and potential federal appointment lurks behind the \$100,000-and-over contributor with a respectable reputation. McGovern has awarded pre-convention donors sterling-silver lapel pins carrying the initials FMGM—For McGovern Before Miami. A donation of any amount yields membership in his Million-Member Club, with a card and button. It takes \$10,000 to join his Woonsocket Club and get an 18-carat-gold lapel pin. Presumably, some federal appointees would emerge from the big givers in a McGovern Administration too.

Even the donor of purest heart al-

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ways knows that his large gift could be helpful in an unexpected hour of official need. Asserts one such giver, a Houston oilman: "Can the guy who gave the President \$20,000 pick up the phone and call the White House if he gets into trouble with the feds? You bet. Does he realize this when he gives? You bet." There are some officeholders who wonder if the man with a specific favor in mind might not be preferable. Observes California's former Democratic Assembly Leader Jess Unruh: "The guys who give so you can massage their egos demand your time; they pester you, they expect to be called repeatedly to be reassured that you love them."

Some of the big givers whose aim seems generally idealistic nevertheless confess they would not spurn personal rewards. W. Clement Stone, a Chicago insurance tycoon who has given massively to Nixon (*see box, page 26*), admits he would readily accept a top ambassadorship. McGovern's Moit declares he likes "a very casual way of life," does not care for "the pomp and glory of being an ambassador," but would not at all mind being "a gadfly on the President's personal staff, maybe for special investigations." One would-be McGovern donor offered \$25,000 to become ambassador to Jamaica. Although Kimmelman knew the man was qualified for the post, he refused even to talk to him about it.

Despite the confusing mix of personal loyalties, altruism, greed, chicanery and status-seeking involved in the private support of public electioneering, the check-chasing only quickens as candidates and the multiple committees stumble over each other in competition for the same funds. The friction within a party among candidates at all levels is often fiercer than the fight for funds between the parties.

As Researcher Alexander points out, the amount of money spent is not so scandalous—it amounts to only about one-tenth of 1% of the total budgets of the federal, state and local governments involved. By contrast, one firm, Procter & Gamble Co., spends more than half as much in its annual advertising budget as the entire nation spends in its political campaigns. The threat to democracy is not posed by the amount of money needed to campaign; it lies in the inequity of its availability and in the commitments, however tacit, often required to acquire it. Private wealth should not be decisive in a democracy, either in electing an official or in influencing public policy.

The only ready answer lies in some measure of public financing of cam-

paigns, for only such impartial funding can free candidates from hustling and from the proximity that invites favors. A fair number of proposals exist for ways to tap the citizenry for generalized campaign money. The simplest, of course, would be to provide the financing out of general tax revenues. McGovern has proposed just that. He said that as President he would ask Congress to appropriate federal funds for presidential and congressional campaigns and limit individual political contributions to \$50 per person. The cost, he said, would be no more than 90¢ per voter per year. Hubert Humphrey favors tax credits for individual contributions. If a man owed \$900 in taxes and could prove he had given \$10 to a legitimate campaign organization or candidate, he would need to pay only \$890 in taxes.

The U.S. has already taken one small step toward public financing. Un-

every voting-age American, for a presidential campaign, but would have to agree not to raise additional private money. This proposal was enacted last year by Congress, but the law could not become operative before the 1976 election, and Washington observers expect it to be nullified before then.

The introduction of any public financing raises the question whether private donations should be or legally can be outlawed. Some constitutional lawyers contend that restrictions on contributions or expenditures may violate the First Amendment by restricting freedom of speech and the press and by limiting political activity. A man or a group may mount a massive campaign on an issue and deny that this constitutes support for a candidate who is expressing the same views. There is no way to put a dollar tag on the hundreds of thousands of man-hours donated by volunteer workers. Nor can anyone adequately measure the enormous built-in advantages that an incumbent enjoys over a challenger—staff, services, the power to make news.

Floor. For these and other reasons, many students of the problem reject the notion of an arbitrary ceiling on spending or private donations. It is more important, they say, to provide a minimum or floor for all candidates. This would have to be done through public financing. Such a floor would permit candidates without great wealth to be heard at least. In a democracy, total equality is impossible, but a minimum guarantee of opportunity to campaign is not. How effective a floor without a ceiling would be is questionable: there would still be the danger of a well-financed candidate swamping his opponent dependent upon the public minimum.

Even thornier than the problems of collection in any system of public financing are those of distribution. For those seeking federal office in a general election, more or less straightforward solutions can be found. More difficult is financing primary campaigns, in which a candidate's costs may exceed those in the final election and a challenger is at a heavy disadvantage *vis à vis* the incumbent. What about nonfederal contests? Perhaps each government unit—state, county, municipality—should budget and fund its periodic renewal of executives and representatives.

Whatever the scale, and even though it flies in the face of historic U.S. practice, such self-perpetuation is surely an arguable cost of government and democracy and ought to be paid for by the taxes of all. The mechanics can be fiercely debated. What constitutes a minimum floor for a Senator, a Governor, a city councilman? What should third-party candidates receive? Should incumbents be given less?

The questions are endless, but they are questions that a society as ingenious as that of the U.S. could answer, given the will to improve on the present disgrace of campaign financing.



McGOVERN CASH COLLECTOR IN CLEVELAND
Some egos need massaging.

der a law effective this year, of which too many Americans seem to be unaware, individuals can contribute up to \$50 to any political candidates or organizations, including those in state or municipal contests, claim this amount as a deduction from their taxable income, and save up to half of this in tax. A couple can deduct up to \$100. Another device would have the Treasury issue taxpayers \$1 vouchers, which they could send their candidates or parties. Far less cumbersome is a proposal to allow each taxpayer to check a space on his income-tax return, thereby earmarking \$1 of his tax to go to a presidential campaign fund; he could also indicate, if he chose, which party it should go to. A major party opting for a payout from the fund would get slightly more than \$20 million, at 15¢ for

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ISSUES '72

McGovern v. Nixon on the War

THE peace roller coaster seemed to be moving again. Henry Kissinger in Paris, elusive black limousines, suburban hideaways, no hard news but tantalizing intimations of "rapid progress." Twice Kissinger extended his stay 24 hours, inevitably heightening the speculation that the dealing had indeed grown serious. In Saigon President Nguyen Van Thieu contributed his bit by vehemently asserting in a speech that he would never agree to a coalition government—which naturally enough suggested that his future was front and center in the Paris bargaining.

But there was nothing in Kissinger's briefcase that the President cared to disclose when his National Security Adviser returned to Washington after his unprecedented four straight days of secret talks with the North Vietnamese. Kissinger and Major General Alexander Haig reported to Nixon and Secretary of State William Rogers at breakfast. To the public, matters were reported still "in a sensitive stage," with "many difficult things to settle."

It was perhaps both fitting and a little unfair that all this activity enveloped what George McGovern deemed the most important speech of his campaign. His subject was the war, the issue that made his candidacy, the issue to which he is most deeply committed, the issue that still matters most to the American people however subliminally it sometimes appears to be ignored.

McGovern began with a feeling of condemnation of the war as "a moral debacle." Over the Nixon years the suffering had begun to involve more Asians and fewer Americans, but the war, he said, had not become less of an issue merely "because the color of the bodies has changed." He reminded the electorate of the statement that Candidate Nixon made in October 1968: "Those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance."

Dictator. Then McGovern laid out his plan to end the war; it was largely a summary of his previously articulated views. Unlike Nixon, who seeks a negotiated exit, McGovern would carry out a unilateral U.S. withdrawal requiring a minimum of cooperation from the Communists. If the war was still raging on Inauguration Day, McGovern would stop the bombing and other "acts of force," halt the flow of supplies to Saigon and begin a 90-day withdrawal of U.S. forces—keeping U.S. airbases in Thailand open and Seventh Fleet ships on station until Hanoi released the 539 American P.O.W.s and helped to account for the 1,143 servicemen listed as missing in action. McGovern would join in a postwar reconstruction effort (as Nixon has also proposed to do), but he would take no part in organizing Sai-

gon's future, save to condemn Thieu harshly as a dictator progressively usurping South Viet Nam's democratic forms.

The Democratic nominee said in his speech that he would bring home "all salvageable" U.S. military equipment. In response to questions later, he denied that this would amount to surrender, pointing to the considerable hardware that Saigon's 1,100,000-man army has already received from the U.S., including more than 1,300 aircraft for South Viet Nam's air force. But a halt of U.S. aid and further supplies would eventually strangle that huge military machine.

McGovern spoke with an almost old-fashioned moral fervor, and even those who disagree with his program

would not seek any guarantees from Hanoi, which could resume its attack on the South after the U.S. withdrawal without fear of U.S. airpower. It is essentially an act of faith on McGovern's part to believe that Hanoi would not do so, just as it is an act of faith to believe that the P.O.W.s would be promptly released. The Communists have, however, suggested that they would release the prisoners following a U.S. withdrawal, much as they did following the French departure. As McGovern noted in his speech, Pierre Mendès-France managed to stop the fighting within five weeks after he won the French premiership on an end-the-war platform in 1954; France's 11,000 P.O.W.s were repatriated within three months.

McGovern argues that a quick pull-out would vastly benefit the U.S. The war has badly scarred the country's image abroad, he says; by acknowledging its "mistake," he suggests, the U.S. would not lose but would recover its in-



KISSINGER & HAIG REPORTING TO NIXON & ROGERS ON PARIS TALKS
Nothing in the briefcase that they cared to disclose.

could hardly fail to be moved by his anguish for America. To point up the horror of the war, he recalled the memorable photograph of the Vietnamese girl Kim running naked from a napalm attack. It was a grim parallel to Nixon's use of Tanya, the Leningrad girl orphaned in World War II, to plead his case for rapprochement and peace in the world. Yet McGovern spoiled a sound point by arguing that if the U.S. can accommodate itself to a billion Russian and Chinese Communists, it can learn to live with a small group of guerrilla Communists. That is hardly an adequate description of North Viet Nam's army, well supplied by Russia and China. He seemed visibly embarrassed as he awkwardly straddled the amnesty question; he asserted that war resisters should be allowed to come home without punishment but stated that "personally, if I were in their position," he would volunteer to serve two years in compensatory public service programs.

Does McGovern's plan amount to surrender, as Administration spokesmen charge? It would almost certainly mean the sudden departure of President Thieu and perhaps the demise of an independent South Viet Nam. McGovern

international prestige just as France did. But most important to McGovern is "the special healing" that he believes would begin in America once its divisive military involvement in Southeast Asia ended. The Administration replies that McGovern's position is foolish, that he would give up too much too easily at a time when the North Vietnamese seem to be preparing to back off from their maximum goals. Even if McGovern wants to get out of Indochina, Administration staffers argue persuasively, his proposal to close out the U.S. presence throughout all of Southeast Asia, including Thailand, seems unnecessary.

More generally, Nixon argues that a visible failure of the U.S. effort in Viet Nam would undermine Washington's credibility with its allies and weaken its hand in its ongoing negotiations with Moscow on arms limitation and other questions. The Administration seems less convincing on this point, because it also insists that it must continue the bombing, for which there is less and less justification and that does little for U.S. "credibility." Nixon also worries that a Communist takeover in Viet Nam—especially one followed by a "bloodbath" of reprisals there—would lead to an out-



McGOVERN'S KIM

Parallels on the horror of war and the point of peace.



NIXON'S TANYA

break of recriminations that would scar U.S. domestic policies for years.

It could be, of course, that Nixon risks recriminations of quite another sort. If the U.S. will ultimately have to sacrifice Thieu to get a settlement, Americans might justifiably feel that the war could have been settled and the killing ended much sooner. In that case, the U.S. might have avoided its appalling commitment to bombing.

By any yardstick except the polls, the Administration should be in trouble over its handling of the war. In the four years since Nixon's inauguration, the war has been escalated in Laos and

Cambodia and carried back to North Viet Nam, where the U.S. resumed full-scale bombing last May. The violence has increased steadily. More than a third of the 56,000 Americans who have died in Viet Nam since 1961 have been killed during the Nixon Administration. All told, 897,111 Communist troops and 183,000 South Vietnamese soldiers have died in the war—36,000 of them in the past six months alone. Something like 1,300,000 South Vietnamese civilians have died or been wounded in the fighting. Throughout Indochina, the war has produced 11 million refugees—many of whom have been bombed

out of their villages by U.S. airpower and artillery.

Yet Richard Nixon apparently sails along toward a major victory as the recognized "peace candidate." One reason, of course, lies in the troop reductions that, along with a sharp decline in draft calls and casualties, have largely neutralized the antiwar movement. But there is more to the President's strength in the polls than is indicated by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's glib gibe that "the American public understands the difference between addition and subtraction." Some observers, among them Leslie Gelb, who headed the "Pentagon papers" study during the Johnson Administration, reckon that the real difficulty in sustaining protest against Nixon's handling of the war began after the Laos incursion of 1971, when it became clear that Viet Nam was turning into a "proxy war" fought mainly by Vietnamese with sharply reduced U.S. casualties. "From that point on," says Gelb, "nobody could rouse the people on the war issue." Others, among them Pollster Daniel Yankelovich, say that reluctant tolerance of Nixon's stewardship began to turn to something like admiration after his decision to mine North Viet Nam's ports last spring—widely regarded by the public as a daring and successful riposte to Russian and Chinese perfidy.

McGovern turns off some would-be supporters because he sometimes seems to want not only an end to the war but an act of national moral self-flagellation. "We tell him to go easy on the blood and bomb stuff," says a McGov-

"Human Beings Fused Together"

While campaigning in Minneapolis, George McGovern brought an audience at the University of Minnesota to stunned silence and tears by playing a tape recording. It was the account of an anonymous Viet Nam veteran, who on Labor Day called Jerry Williams' telephone talk show on Boston's WHZ. Williams gave the tape to McGovern after he appeared on the program last week. Excerpts:

I AM a Viet Nam veteran, and I don't think the American people really, really understand war and what's going on. We went into villages after they dropped napalm, and the human beings were fused together like pieces of metal that had been soldered. Sometimes you couldn't tell if they were people or animals. We have jets that drop rockets, and in the shells they have penny nails. Those nails—one nail per sq. in. [over an area] the size of a football field—you can't believe what they do to a human being.

I was there a year, and I never had the courage to say that was wrong. I

condoned that. I watched it go on. Now I'm home. Sometimes I, my heart, it bothers me inside, because I remember all that, and I didn't have the courage then to say it was wrong.

The Viet Cong are bad. But that doesn't make it right for me to be bad, or for someone to say that we should send their son, or their husband, or their brother to go over there to be just as vicious. It's unbelievable. People don't understand what that does to your mind. You go into a village that has had a 1,000-lb. bomb—it's called the daisy cutter—a 1,000-lb. bomb dropped on it. You don't worry about taking prisoners because there are no prisoners. You don't know if you kill Viet Cong because you can't put the people together. That is what the people in this country have got to understand.

That's what Americans are doing, and when you are over there in the middle of it, you think it's right because it's going on every day. You rationalize it. And when you come back, you see your own wife or your own fam-

ily, then you understand what you did.

You take an aerial photograph of a place like Quang Tri, and then you take a photograph after B-52s have been over it. You can't believe what happened. What bothers me is that when you're there, you accept it. You rationalize it. You condone it. You say it's right because they are the enemy, and then when you come home, you can't believe that you didn't have the courage to open your mouth against that kind of murder, that kind of devastation over people, over animals. You don't know if they are Viet Cong. You can't tell.

There's no way people in this country can understand what napalm is. You go into a place, and the people, they are just bent. It's incredible. When you go to a piece of something and you don't have any idea whether it's a human being or an animal [because of] what's been done to it. And you have to come home and live knowing you didn't have the guts to say it was wrong. A lot of guys had the guts. They got sectioned out, and on the discharge, it was put that they were unfit for military duty—unfit because they had the courage. Guys like me were fit because we condoned it, we rationalized it.

ern adviser, "but it does no good. He just feels too deeply to change." During a flight to Minneapolis one day last week, campaign aides played a tape recording of a young veteran's horror and guilt over his participation in the devastation of Viet Nam. Deeply moved, McGovern played it for his audience that night (see box, preceding page).

The polls suggest that McGovern's sense of moral outrage is not shared by

most Americans, who tend to go along with Nixon's gut conviction that a U.S. President cannot simply get out of Viet Nam without an "honorable" settlement. As Gelb, now with the Brookings Institution, says, it is true "both that the American people want out and that they don't want the place handed over to the Communists."

As it has done to so many other things, the interminable, infinitely com-

plex war in Viet Nam has turned meanings inside out. McGovern, with his angry moralism and his too-eager willingness to ratify the worthlessness of the long U.S. effort, offends a deep sensibility in the American people. This allows Nixon, who has not ended the war as he promised and continues to destroy a small corner of the earth with all of the firepower the U.S. can muster, to campaign as the peace candidate.

TIME POLL

George McGovern Returns to "Go"

OCTOBER is the month of the underdog, the time for a candidate who is trailing badly to make his most serious bid. This George McGovern is doing, but the bid does not seem strong enough. According to the latest poll conducted for TIME by Daniel Yankelovich Inc., the Democratic candidate has narrowed the gap with President Nixon, but has regained only the ground lost since the disastrous aftermath of the Eagleton affair. He remains far behind.

Telephone interviews with 2,323 registered voters in 16 key states constituting 62% of the total electoral vote found Richard Nixon ahead, 57% to 27%, with 16% undecided. That lead of 30 points during the Oct. 1 to Oct. 10 period is nine points smaller than the Nixon margin in the same type of Yankelovich survey one month earlier. McGovern has narrowed the contest in four big states—New York, California, Michigan and Pennsylvania—but the latest findings are close to the results of the first Yankelovich Poll for TIME, taken in late July and early August. In effect, George McGovern has returned to "Go" with only one month remaining in the campaign.

The President's lead seems far too large to be overcome by Nov. 7. Says Yankelovich: "Only something as dramatic as a sudden collapse of confidence in Mr. Nixon's Viet Nam policies is likely to close the gap entirely." Among the specific findings:

► McGovern is recapturing some of the Democrats who were earlier thinking of voting Republican. In the last TIME Poll, Nixon held a three-point lead among Democratic voters; now McGovern is ahead within his own party, 45% to 36%. McGovern has also gained ground on issues usually favorable to Democratic candidates. On such questions as which candidate would do more to close tax loopholes, would pay more attention to "the needs of the little man," and would do "more for minorities," McGovern now has respectable leads—as he did in late July and early August.

► There is clear-cut evidence that the race issue is playing an important part in the campaign. Of the voters

polled, 38% said too much attention was being paid to minorities, 21% thought minorities were getting too little attention, and 24% held that they were treated about right. It was significant that nearly three out of four people who answered "too much" also identified themselves as Nixon voters.

► On foreign and military affairs, Nixon remains solidly ahead. When asked if the President is doing "everything he can" to end the war in Viet Nam, 62% said yes, 54% viewed Nixon as the "peace candidate"—a cruel irony for the Democrats because it was Viet Nam that first brought McGovern to prominence. The poll, however, was concluded on the day that McGovern made his major Viet Nam policy speech and does not reflect whatever impact the TV talk had. On the question of which candidate could "deal more effectively with Russia and China," 71% chose Nixon.

► The Watergate episode and the general problem of corruption continue to have little impact on the electorate at large. Only 3% of the voters volunteered that corruption is a national issue of concern. Just 23% agreed fully with the statement that Nixon, as head of his party, should be held accountable for the Watergate bugging; 16% agreed partially, 45% disagreed, and the rest were not sure.

► Though congressional races will be fairly tight, it appears that the Democrats will keep control of Congress. Nearly one out of three Democrats who intend to vote for Nixon said that they will also vote or are inclined to vote Republican in a congressional race—a considerable proportion but probably not enough to tip the balance. Forty-one percent of the voters said that they either plan to vote for the Democratic candidate in their district or leaned toward him, while the comparable Republican figure was 36%.

► There are now clear signs of voter weariness with the campaign, and a distinct lack of personal enthusiasm for either candidate. The census results from the lack of suspense: 84% think that Nixon will win. Another factor is the candidates' inability to excite the electorate. Two out of three committed vot-

Supposing the election were held today, whom would you vote for, Nixon the Republican or McGovern the Democrat?

	Nixon	McGovern	Not sure
TOTAL	57%	27%	16%
California	51	32	17
Texas	67	18	15
Michigan	50	28	22
Illinois	60	24	16
Ohio	60	23	17
Pennsylvania	57	29	14
New York	50	33	17
Other Nine States	60	24	16
Republican	90	3	7
Democrat	36	45	19
Ind./Other	59	21	20
Male	58	27	15
Female	56	26	18
18-24 Total	45	43	12
18-24 College	41	48	11
18-24 Non-College	48	40	12
25-49	61	25	14
50-64	56	23	21
65 & Over	59	21	20
Blacks	15	61	24
Catholic	52	30	18
Protestant	65	19	16
Jewish	34	51	15
Irish	48	33	19
German	68	19	13
East European	46	34	20
Italian	48	31	21
Blue Collar	54	27	19
White Collar	60	25	15
Prof./Exec.	61	28	11
Under \$7,500	45	32	23
\$7,500 to \$15,000	57	26	17
Over \$15,000	64	25	11
Liberal-Radical	22	65	13
Moderate	60	23	17
Conservative	71	14	15

THE NATION

ers in the poll said that they are voting for the man who is the "best available choice," rather than for the man whom they would "most like to see as President." The implication is that Nixon would not do nearly so well against a stronger candidate.

Yankelovich asked this question: "Now, forgetting politics, whom do you find more attractive as a personality—Nixon, McGovern or neither one?" The result: Nixon, 34%; McGovern, 26%; neither one, 32%; not sure, 8%. By this measure, McGovern is only eight points behind Nixon, a contrast to the 30-point spread on the main question of whom the voters pick for President. Obviously, the electorate prefers Nixon for reasons other than his personality. He may turn out to be the least liked man ever to win by a landslide.

vertised on every block to the point of total boredom, and factory-like publishing firms flooding the rest of the country with glossy porno magazines and books. In a whirlwind campaign of only 17 days, sponsors of an anti-smut initiative gathered some 535,000 signatures. On Nov. 7, Californians will either vote into law or reject what, in the words of its backers, is the "most specific obscenity law ever devised."

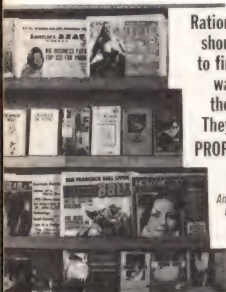
That is probably not much of an exaggeration. As drafted by State Senator John Harmer, a Mormon and a Republican, Proposition 18 leaves no doubt as to what is considered obscene: any display in public of adult genitals, buttocks or female nipples; any explicit show of "sexual excitement," "sexual conduct" or "sodomasochistic abuse." Obscene words may not be used if they

lication could be banned or confiscated these days under the harsh terms of the proposed law. One innocent nipple could cost a publisher dearly. Theater owners and movie distributors have mounted a campaign to defeat the initiative. Even such stalwarts as John Wayne have been enlisted to appear on TV spots. Certainly no pornography addict, Wayne feels that the proposition would ban the good with the bad, including his own film *True Grit*. On the other side, law-enforcement agencies are supporting the initiative. So is Mr. Clean, Pat Boone, who will host a gala at Disneyland later this month to raise money for the proposition.

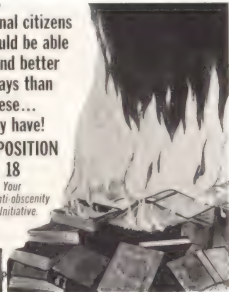
Jail. At the moment, it does not seem very likely to pass. But even if it fails, the proposition has to be taken seriously. It is a challenge to the laws of the land, which have made an incomprehensible muddle of obscenity. It rejects the notion enunciated by Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court and used as guidelines by lower courts that material should not be censored unless it is "utterly without redeeming social value." This doctrine, critics argue, permits just about anything.

The Supreme Court has traditionally taken the position that it does not want to become the arbiter of the nation's morals. Justice Potter Stewart said that he could not define hard-core pornography, "but I know it when I see it." This makes good sense but not necessarily good law. If the Supreme Court does not act, lesser bodies will. One debatable notion is to let local communities cope with the problem, and proponents of local option argue that this might actually be a more liberal solution than trying to devise a single national standard that might have to accommodate the most conservative communities. On the other hand, if local governments begin to make their own rules about what constitutes pornography, nobody will know what he can say or exhibit from one city to the next. What might win a writer, an artist, an entertainer, a pornographer applause in Chicago might land him in jail in Racine.

In one way or another, the Supreme Court will have to face up to the issue, because several obscenity cases are awaiting its deliberation. One possibility: not an outright ban on pornography but an attempt to isolate it from the public that does not care for it. Pornographic material can be packaged, labeled and hidden away for those adults who seek it out. In particular, if it can be kept out of the reach of children, much of the public will be relieved. A more desirable, if far more difficult, way would be for the Supreme Court to find a new definition of obscenity that would strengthen the laws—not enough to satisfy the most outraged citizen and infringe free speech, but enough to satisfy the widespread feeling that something must be done about pornography's pandemic spread.



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should be able
to find better
ways than
these...
They have!
**PROPOSITION
18**
Your
Anti-obscenity
Initiative.



BROCHURE PUT OUT BY SUPPORTERS OF CALIFORNIA ANTI-SMUT INITIATIVE

OBSCENITY

California Cleans

"If anyone showed that hook to my daughters, I'd have strangled him with my own hands."

—Chief Justice Earl Warren, commenting out of court on a pornography book.

Despite the fact that he led the U.S. Supreme Court to an unprecedented expansion of individual liberties, Earl Warren remained troubled by obscenity, a problem that his court wrestled with but did not solve. As pornography has proliferated in ever-rarer forms, an increasing number of people are demanding a return to some kind of censorship. Nowhere have they made this demand more insistently than in Warren's home state of California, where Sunset Strip in Hollywood flaunts all sorts of sex shows, with total nudity ad-

are descriptive, only if they are exclamations of shock or anger. Thus the dialogue of Andy Warhol movies would be forbidden, but George C. Scott could get away with his expletives in *Patton*.

Printed matter without pictures is left alone, but even that is vulnerable to attack. As sweeping as the initiative is, it also allows local communities to add to the law if they want to. Private citizens, if they are so inclined, are permitted to make citizen's arrests of pornographers and confiscate materials, though they face the risk of a civil suit if they go too far. An aide to Senator Harmer explains: "As a practical matter, we think the initiative covers everything. But we want to protect people five or ten years down the line. We don't know what the creative pornographers might think up."

Not just pornographers are objecting to the proposition. Most newspaper and TV stations are against it; they make the point that just about any pub-

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COMMON MARKET

The Summit: Details in Place of Dreams

THE delegates from six Common Market countries and the three that will join them in January will gather for a summit meeting at Paris' Hotel Majestic this week with a conspicuous lack of pomp. No parades will march up the Champs-Élysées; there will be nothing to equal the splendor the French lavished within the past year on the visits of Leonid Brezhnev and Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, the only glitter will come from a modest gala in the Elysée Palace's gilt-and-tapestry *Salle des Fêtes* on Thursday night.

French President Georges Pompidou has no plans to meet any of the 135 delegates at Orly Airport; that chore has

flame will glow a little brighter, and France will not seek to extinguish it."

Nonetheless, the prosaic preparations for the summit, foreshadowing the entry of Britain, Ireland and Denmark into the EEC on Jan. 1, accurately reflect the current boredom with the whole idea of a united Europe. Little more than a decade ago, Spanish Philosopher Salvador de Madariaga grandly envisioned the day when "Spaniards will say 'our Chartres,' Italians 'our Copenhagen' and Germans 'our Bruges,' and will step back horror-stricken at the idea of laying murderous hands on it." Then there were dreams and drama; today there are mostly details.

Until a year or two ago, the Com-

where, will concentrate on the art of the possible. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, who faces an extremely tight election fight at home, needs a commitment from his EEC partners that inflation—a common European problem—be tackled by all member states together. He will undoubtedly get such an assurance. The Italians are also primarily concerned about economic objectives. What they want most is a program for assisting underdeveloped regions within Europe's own borders—notably Italy's own impoverished South. The question of such aid was a prime topic between Italian leaders and British Prime Minister Edward Heath during his visit to Rome two weeks ago.

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS—(AP/WIDE)



BRITISH PRIME MINISTER EDWARD HEATH

Like a calculating bridegroom: It would be easier to elope, but what would everybody say?

been assigned to lackluster Premier Pierre Messmer and Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann. "Everything is being done," explained a government spokesman, "to ensure that this will be strictly a working meeting," an attitude that squares with Pompidou's crisp observation that the European Economic Community has "already drunk the champagne" of British entry.

In fact the French, who are both the instigators and the vacillating hosts of the EEC summit, seem to regard it the way a calculating bridegroom looks on a marriage ceremony. It would be easier to elope, but what would everybody say? When asked why the meeting was being held at all, Pompidou justified on the "negative" basis that "not to hold it would be an act with grave consequences." He added, with scarcely more enthusiasm, "I hope that when we are all around the table, a European

mon Market was widely regarded as the great economic engine that would bring about higher standards of living for all Europe. That has indeed happened: yet today a substantial percentage of Western Europeans, particularly the young, regard the Market with a combination of apathy and antipathy. The Norwegian electorate's no to EEC membership last month reflected a growing attitude that the technocrat-heavy organization is impersonal and even a bit dehumanizing, a bureaucracy that will make government even more remote from the individual than it is already. Thus, in an ironic turn of history, leaders of nine nations will meet in Paris to discuss the expansion of a united Western Europe to little or no public applause.

Nor will the larger destiny of Europe receive much attention at the conference. Instead, the delegates to the Paris meeting, like politicians every-

L'ESPRESSO



FRENCH PRESIDENT GEORGES POMPIDOU

Perhaps no European leader looks forward to the Paris summit with more enthusiasm than Britain's P.M. "One is either European or one is not," says Heath. "My home is on the coast, and any clear day when I look out, I see France." Domestically, Heath is in a fairly strong position at the moment despite Britain's continuing inflation and trade union opposition to his industrial-relations bill. He will be in even better shape if he manages to bring off a voluntary wage and price agreement that is currently being negotiated with the Confederation of British Industry and the Trade Union Congress.

Like the Italians and the Irish, Heath favors a regional-development policy reinforced with EEC financial assistance to aid depressed industrial areas (such as Britain's Northeast, as well as the West of Ireland and the South of Italy). Like the Germans and Italians,

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he takes the position that economic policy must develop simultaneously with monetary policy. So far he has resisted French pressure to pin him down on exactly when the still floating pound sterling will be returned to a fixed parity. Heath is committed to such a step by January in any case; if he gets his wage-price agreement, thereby strengthening the pound, he will probably return it to parity sooner.

As for the French, they seem content for the moment to be the acquiescent, if slightly reluctant hosts for this week's meetings. It is unlikely that they will raise, even in a *pro forma* way, their earlier demand for a political EEC secretariat with headquarters in Paris. In his letter of invitation to heads of government, Pompidou struck the theme of his own attitude toward the EEC at the moment: "Consolidation." As one French diplomat put it: "With the new members coming in, we will have a period of digestion of what we have before us rather than an ordering of more."

In fact, EEC technicians in Brussels were already at work drafting the conference communiqué last week. Its contents were supposed to be a deep secret, but, as usual, they quickly leaked out. (According to one Common Market wisecrack, the difference between a secret document and a confidential one is "half an hour.") The draft communiqué affirmed the members' support of moves toward greater economic, monetary and political integration, called for international monetary reform and regional development planning. It also favored collective action against inflation and greater emphasis on programs of social reform. "We have always found it best to write communiqués before high-level meetings," explained a senior EEC official. "The leaders like to have a document ready for their consideration."

ISRAEL

After Golda?

Will she or won't she? The most tantalizing question about the internal politics of Israel is whether Premier Golda Meir, 74, intends to continue in office after the end of her four-year term in November, 1972. During the past six months, Mrs. Meir has dropped several hints in public that she wants to retire. However, no one took her seriously until a week or so ago, when she bluntly told several confidants in the Labor Party that she really is going to step down. One result of this decision has been the intensification of the feud between two of her potential successors: Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, 57, and Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, 54.

The unsolvable struggle between the two Cabinet ministers—both of them ex-generals—has mainly centered on security matters and Arab affairs. Dayan has taken a hard line on the prospect of Israel's making peace with Jordan, by repeatedly insisting that the occupied West Bank must remain under Israeli control. The more dovish Allon has argued that a settlement with King Hussein is worth some concessions in sovereignty. Last July, Dayan led the fight against returning two border villages to their dispossessed Christian Arab residents, thereby dooming Allon's plan for repatriation. Following the Munich murder of eleven Israeli athletes and coaches by Arab terrorists, Dayan and Allon each blamed the other for the failure of security arrangements to protect the nation's Olympic team.

The quarrel extends to matters of considerably less importance. At a recent Cabinet meeting, they clashed over a proposal to put Allon in charge of a seemingly innocuous government infor-

mation program. Earlier Dayan bridled at the choice of ex-Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev (rather than Dayan himself) to write an article on Israel's military defense for next year's official 25th anniversary album.

So far, Mrs. Meir has taken no side in the Dayan-Allon spat. The man who actually stands the best chance to succeed her is Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, the behind-the-scenes boss and kingmaker of the Labor Party. Sapir, 65, has frequently said that he does not want the job, although it is his for the asking. His refusal to accept the premiership might well lead to an open battle between Dayan and Allon that would threaten Israel's governing coalition, or to the choice of a candidate not to Mrs. Meir's liking—such as Foreign Minister Abba Eban. Either circumstance might convince her that she should stay in office for a while longer.

CHINA

Chou Speaks

Premier Chou En-lai was in an expansive mood last week when he greeted 22 touring journalists from the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Peking's Great Hall of the People. During a wide-ranging, 3-hr. 40-min. conversation, Chou cracked a joke about Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger ("He can talk to you for half an hour and not give you one substantive answer") and gave a bit of news about China's birth control campaign (researchers are widely testing a once-a-month contraceptive pill). China's second-in-command also raised a few editorial eyebrows by expressing his belief that Lee Harvey Oswald alone did not kill President Kennedy, mysteriously adding, "the identity of the principal culprit, the man who planned the assassination," has never been divulged.

Asked who will eventually succeed 78-year-old Chairman Mao Tse-tung, Chou declared that the party will turn to a collective leadership. China watchers were intrigued, however, that Chou, 74, singled out one emerging party leader as an example of the experienced younger men who could eventually take over the government: Yao Wen-yuan of Shanghai, one of the three Politburo members who head the Communist Party's radical wing. Yao, fortyish, who is officially listed as No. 6 in the party hierarchy, is also rumored to be Mao's son-in-law. According to the story put about by the Soviets and Nationalist Chinese and never denied in Peking, Yao is married to Hsiao Li, Mao's daughter by his third wife Chiang Ching. The far-left Chiang Ching happens to be a close political ally of Yao's. There have been serious ideological differences between Chou and Yao, and some Washington experts believe that the wily Premier may have been singling out the younger man now as a first

YIGAL ALLON

MOSHE DAYAN

GOLDA MEIR



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keep up the pace
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THE WORLD

step toward putting him down later.

Being named as a potential heir apparent to Mao is a parlous honor in China today. That was the position held by the late, disgraced Lin Biao, who, according to Chou, promoted the heresy of "the naming of only one successor." Chou confirmed publicly for the first time the story of the former Defense Minister's death last year in a plane crash in Mongolia (TIME, Nov. 22) and threw in some previously undisclosed details. As Chou told it, Lin had plotted to assassinate Mao and seize power in 1971, after he came under criticism in the party for trying to gain permanent army control over civilian institutions. Lin "didn't believe that he could really succeed to the leadership," but "afraid that his designs had been exposed," he then had his son Lin Li-kno, deputy head of the air force's operations department, send a British-made Trident aircraft to Peitaiho, a resort town some 150 miles from Peking.

Secret Documents. The secret order was reported to the party leadership and specifically denied by Lin's wife when she was asked about it. That "showed he was up to something," said Chou, "but at the time we were not sure how big the scheme was." So all airplanes in the country were ordered grounded, and Lin "fled in great haste, fearing that he might be caught if he fled too late. Actually, we did not at all think of arresting him. We only wished to know what he wanted that plane for."

Lin and a few fellow conspirators took off in the Trident, but without the navigator and radio operator, who refused to disobey the order grounding all aircraft. Over Outer Mongolia, the plane ran low on fuel; and the pilot, unable to locate a runway, tried a forced landing. The plane caught fire; and the nine persons aboard were burned to death, though "it was still possible to identify them," said Chou. Another group of conspirators took off from the Peking suburbs at roughly the same time in a helicopter, the Premier revealed, but they were forced down by the air force. "Many secret documents were discovered on board, and among them we found evidence of their plot."

One reason Lin fell from favor in the first place was his opposition to an rapprochement with the U.S., Chou added. "Only Chairman Mao recognized that a little Ping Pong ball could change the world," said the Premier, revealing how Peking's first move toward a new relationship with the U.S. had come about. While the American table tennis team was playing in a world tournament in Japan in April 1971, several members had applied for visas to visit China. Peking's Foreign Ministry had turned them down. "I myself approved this decision and submitted it to Chairman Mao," related Chou. But Mao said that "the time is right and we should take the initiative. So on the last day of the Ping Pong tournament we telephoned, inviting the American team."

NORTH VIET NAM

Living Inside a Bull's Eye

SHORTLY before noon last Wednesday, 20 U.S. Phantoms streaked east across Hanoi toward the battered Longbien bridge and the antiaircraft positions along the Red River. Despite the unexpected presence of the jets overhead, only a few residents hurried toward the black, tubular individual bomb shelters that line the city's downtown streets. After all, never in the history of the Indochina war had densely populated downtown Hanoi been bombed. Last week Hanoi's luck ran out. By the time the air-raid sirens began to wail their warnings, the French diplomatic mission had been bombed into ruins, five employees were dead, and the chief

33,000 sorties were flown over North Viet Nam during the first five months of the offensive—it is almost impossible for U.S. pilots to avoid damaging some civilian structures. The North Vietnamese insist that the destruction of dikes and village churches has been deliberate. No accurate count of civilian casualties is possible, largely because urban populations have been dispersed into the countryside.

Of the major North Vietnamese cities, only Hanoi has escaped extensive bomb damage. Although military targets around the city's perimeter are pounded daily, visitors report that an almost Continental charm survives in the



WRECKAGE OF FRENCH MISSION AFTER U.S. BOMBING ATTACK
Outrage in Paris, and an apology from Washington.

French diplomat in North Viet Nam, Pierre Susini, was critically injured.

Paris was outraged by the attack. President Nixon sent a personal message of apology to France's Georges Pompidou, and at a Washington press conference Defense Secretary Melvin Laird explained that the jets—which were not carrying the new superaccurate, laser-guided "smart" bombs—had really been aiming at railroad yards three miles away. Disingenuously, Laird tried to suggest that the damage might have been caused by North Vietnamese antiaircraft missiles.

Hanoi's reaction to the bombing raid was relatively muted. The reason is that since April 6, when Nixon officially reinstated mass bombing of the North, aerial attacks on civilian targets have become all too common. American jets in search of visible targets have destroyed countless hospitals, churches and even cathedrals, as well as residential suburbs. Considering the sheer size of the bombing campaign—more than

city's center. The purr of Czech motorbikes and the chatter of lovers drinking Bulgarian wine beside Lake Hoan Kien lend color to the clean but dour city. All factories and warehouses have been relocated deep inside dense forests to the west and south of the city.

Western journalists and diplomats who have recently visited North Viet Nam all report that the country is a land of contrasts. While in some tiny rural communities life proceeds with undisturbed serenity, in cities like Nam Dinh, Thanh Hoa and Vinh, where destruction is almost total, traditional patterns of living have been completely disrupted. Foreign observers agree, however, that the U.S. raids have not crushed the morale of the North Vietnamese or weakened their determination to carry

Beside the ruins of her home, a lonely woman in the commune of Hai An mourns her family killed in a U.S. bombing raid.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARC RIEDEL—MAGNUM







Far left: Hanoi Catholics leaving city's cathedral after 5 a.m. Mass; Left: Priest wanders through ruins surrounding Phat Diem Cathedral; Above: Ruins of bell tower block approach to church in Nam Ha province; Below: Hand-made bomb shelters dry in front of Hanoi's French-styled opera house.







YOUNG NORTH VIETNAMESE AT BISTRO NEAR HANOI'S LAKE REUNIFICATION
Individual bomb shelters, Bulgarian wine and Czech motorbikes.

on at all costs. Says Jean Sainteny, a former diplomat who established the French mission in Hanoi in 1954 and has returned to the city several times since: "The bombing has no influence whatsoever on the people. As when the monsoon rains come, they respect the storm, but they are not frightened."

Among recent visitors to the North is French Photographer Marc Riboud, who took the accompanying color pictures. Some of his observations during a three-week tour of the country:

► **Hanoi:** "It is a city of noises where human conversations are dwarfed by the sounds of war. Hanoi residents seldom see the war; they listen to it from home or street-corner shelters. A piercing wail means the jets are coming, the scream of an engine means they are passing overhead on their way to targets in the city's industrial suburbs."

► **Attitudes toward the bombing:** "The first Vietnamese words visitors to Hanoi usually learn are *may bay* (airplane). Just before an attack, children will run along the streets, pointing to the sky and yelling 'May bay!' Shelters are in homes, restaurants, offices and along streets and highways. Seconds before the bombs fall, people will duck into the shelters, and before the dust settles they will be out again, carrying on their business."

► **Character of the North Vietnamese:** "Malraux once said that the people who have influenced history have a quality that can be seen on their faces. The North Vietnamese possess a serenity rarely seen in Asia. They al-

ways seem to be fighting an invader or a natural calamity. The Mongols, the Chinese and the floods were all defeated. More earth was moved in constructing the Red River dikes than in building the Great Wall of China. General Giap once proudly said that the Vietnamese were the only people to stop the Mongols. 'We will be the only ones to stop the Americans in the 20th century,' he added."

► **Survival in the countryside:** "For some reason, Americans don't bomb ferries. Every bridge I saw in North Viet Nam was destroyed, but the ferries were safe. Once the planes came when I was on a ferry in Nam Dinh. 'Don't jump,' said my guide, 'or you will die from the concussion like a fish in a river where grenades are tossed.'"

► **Religion:** "There are more than 800,000 Roman Catholics in North Viet Nam, and they still worship freely. Some old customs prevail: Men and women sit on opposite sides of the nave of Hanoi's cathedral, their bicycles clogging the aisles leading to the altar."

► **Industry:** "The Nam Dinh textile mill has been bombed for the past five years, but its machines continue to produce clothes for the country. Fifty miles from the gutted factory foundation stands a thatched farmhouse under a grove of trees. Outside there are water buffalo and other animals. Inside there are rows of Chinese looms powered by a small generator. Both the clothes and the farm products are moved at night to the city."

► **On the war in the South:** "During my stay I met a North Vietnamese journalist just returned from Quang Tri. 'We lost fewer soldiers than you think,' he said. 'In North Korea, the Chinese could send wave upon wave of soldiers into a battle, but we must be economical. We dig deep. The bombs don't hurt us as much as you think.'"

CAMBODIA

Dark Events

The Vietnamese Communists, between 100 and 200 strong, infiltrated Phnom-Penh during the dead of night, divided into three teams and went quickly to work. One group of sappers blew up the city's largest and most modern bridge. Another blasted its way into a stadium and tried to hijack ten armored personnel carriers parked there. The third group, armed with automatic weapons and rockets, filtered into a residential section near the stadium and entered the French embassy compound. By the time the attackers were repulsed, 83 Communists had been killed and seven captured; 26 Cambodians were dead and 58 wounded.

That assault two weeks ago sent shock waves reverberating well beyond the city limits of Phnom-Penh. For one thing, it was the first time the central part of the city had been attacked on the ground since the war in Cambodia began in 1970. For another, it is precisely the sort of hit-and-run operation that allied intelligence has predicted for Saigon almost any day now. Regiment-sized units of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong occupied seven hamlets near Saigon at the beginning of last week; South Vietnamese forces recaptured some hamlets but only after they were pounded to rubble by U.S. bombers. The assault on Phnom-Penh was also timed to have the maximum psychological impact. TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud reported from the Cambodian capital last week. It coincided with both the Buddhist "Festival of the Dead," when Cambodians commemorate their ancestors, and the second anniversary of the Khmer Republic, which was founded seven months after the ouster of Prince Norodom Sihanouk.

The attack underscored the fact that the Communists are essentially fighting one war in South Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. Their main objective in the



Above: The wail of an air-raid siren in a Hanoi suburb sends militia girls scurrying to their anti-aircraft stations. Below: Peasants from Thai Binh setting up a temporary market along a tree-lined road.

THE WORLD

latter two nations is to protect the massive supply lines that support the Vietnamese main front. But they are also fighting in order to bolster the claims of indigenous Communist organizations—Cambodia's Khmer Rouge and Laos' Pathet Lao—for representation in any new governments that might be established in an area-wide settlement of the war. The relative ease with which the Phnom-Penh attack was mounted points to the impressive gains the Communists have made in Cambodia since the start of the Easter offensive. They have expanded their area of control (see map, preceding page) from the sparsely populated north and northeast into the more populous south. They have also taken over virtual command of the segment of Route One that runs from the Mekong River to the Viet Nam border—in all, they control more than half the country.

The 150,000-man army of the Khmer Republic has made no serious attempt to expel the Communists since its troops were dealt a disastrous defeat last December at Rumleng, 50 miles north of Phnom-Penh. That defeat led to mounting criticism of the leadership of then Prime Minister Lon Nol. He responded by canceling the constitution, dissolving the National Assembly and proclaiming himself the first President of the Republic—actions since ratified by a series of blatantly rigged elections.

Bad Smell. Cambodia's political problems have been exacerbated by economic woes. The rice harvest, because of war and drought, is down to roughly half the normal yield. The Cambodian reaction has been not opposition to the government but apathy. Many civil servants no longer show up for work. One local paper summed up the situation: "The regime has been sinking into defeat and humiliation. Many dark events have occurred in Khmer society, and a bad smell drifts over the international scene."

Last week the new Lon Nol-dominated National Assembly convened in Phnom-Penh, and it was expected that the President would soon appoint a new Cabinet. But changes of Cabinets mean little to the apathetic Khmers these days—a fact that may have emboldened Prince Sihanouk, who has been living in exile in Peking, to renew his pledge to return to a position of leadership in the government. Though he is decidedly unpopular with the Khmer Rouge, Sihanouk is the nominal leader of the anti-government forces in Cambodia. The Cambodian Communists might be preparing a peace proposal similar to that made by the National Liberation Front in South Viet Nam—that is, a government composed of Communists, neutralist and rightist factions. The unpredictable Sihanouk, who recently has vowed that he would soon set up a government in the ancient imperial ruins of Angkor Wat, might well be put forth as titular head of the "neutralists."

UGANDA

Amin's Forced March

Uganda celebrated the tenth anniversary of its independence from Britain last week. It was hardly an occasion for rejoicing. Under its unpredictable military ruler, General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada, the country has drifted closer and closer to chaos. It was an especially bitter holiday for Uganda's 10,000 Asian citizens, who have watched helplessly while Amin ordered the expulsion of tens of thousands of other Asians with British or Indian passports. Last week, after Amin "suggested" that they take part in the anniversary parade, the Asians responded with a pathetic gesture of "loyalty" to the regime that has set out to destroy them. TIME's Peter Hawthorne was on hand to witness the event. His report.

A 21-gun salute set the pied crows to wheeling and wailing in the sky above Kololo Stadium in Kampala, Uganda's beautiful capital. As 2,000 soldiers led the British-style trooping of the colors, and the crowd sweated in the searing equatorial sun, General Amin flamboyantly conferred an array of honors on his distinguished visitors. The First Class Order of the Source of the Nile went to Somalia's General Mohamed Barre, while the Second Class Order of the same medal was bestowed upon the Sudanese Vice President, Major General Mohamed El-Bagir. Then Big Daddy decorated members of his own armed forces for meritorious service during the recent border skirmishes with Tanzania, handing out a seemingly endless number of "Distinguished Service Orders," "Military Crosses," and "Victorious Service Crosses." During the lengthy ceremony an elderly Asian

fainted and was carted off to an ambulance, beet-nut juice dripping like blood from his slack mouth.

While the crowd swayed and roared "Dada! Dada!" Amin barreled along, beaming as he inspected his troops, as well as boy scouts and youth leaguers. The Asian marchers brought up the tail end of the parade. As they shambled past, trying to get into step to the band's rendition of *Old Folks at Home*, African spectators laughed derisively.

There is a sort of Evelyn Waugh-torn atmosphere in Kampala. While a vast crowd of Africans swarmed up Acacia Avenue toward the stadium, a lone white man carried on unperturbedly with his golf game on the course nearby, his black caddy trotting dutifully by his side. Foreign journalists are definitely not welcome in the capital these days, and the few whites in the streets get curious stares, particularly if they are carrying cameras.

Many Asian families have moved into city hotels while they wait for flights to London or Bombay. Women and children are swathed in silk saris and wear whatever jewelry they own in order to prevent it from being stolen or confiscated, even the smallest child wears pearls in her ear lobes or nostrils. The men have developed a reflex of patting breast pockets to make sure their passports are still there. Strangers identify themselves to one another by mentioning the names of companies they were associated with: "National Trading," says one woman, referring to one of the country's largest wholesale merchants, "Desai Bros. General Dealers," says another.

At the East African Airways terminal, an Asian boy says proudly that he is going to Leicester, England. His exhausted father explains that he has read a warning from the city of Leicester that



AFRICANS PEERING INTO CLOSED ASIAN-OWNED SHOPS IN KAMPALA
"Now they have no jobs. Soon they will be hungry."

THE WORLD

there is no more room for Asians. But what can he do? His only relatives are in Leicester, he says, so he must go there too. Another young man, an engineer, declares that he is going to Chicago, U.S.A.—he pronounces it "Shee-cago,"—where he has an uncle who is a "medical practitioner."

The exodus of the Asians has already had an obvious effect on the economy of Kampala. Jobless Africans are clamoring for work at the city's hotels, which are running short of bread, soap and even gin; one must drink vodka to immunize oneself against the mosquito bites. Restaurants guard their menus like gold: most of the printing in the city was done by Asians. In the commercial sector of Kampala, nearly 80% of the shops are now shut and barred; in some the stock can be seen gathering dust behind the steel mesh placed across the windows. There has been very little looting up to now, probably because the "duka-wallahs" (Asian shopkeepers) have always secured their stores as if they were Fort Knox.

But there will be looting soon, one departing storekeeper told me, as he padlocked his shop for the last time. "I'm leaving \$40,000 worth of stock in there," he said, "I can't eat it, I can't take it with me, so I leave it." He gestured down the street. "Already, see, there are the unemployed. I employed four Africans in my shop and two in my home. Now they have no jobs. Soon they will be hungry. Then they will find a way into my shop, if the soldiers don't get there first."

The Asians keep their eyes lowered—and perhaps their fingers crossed—as they pass the police and army roadblocks on the way to Entebbe Airport. It is little consolation to them to know that their forced departure is creating an economic crisis with which Amin's government is obviously incapable of coping. "I give the place three months," declares a Kenya businessman who can find no qualified Ugandan to run his Kampala-based company. "Amin may still have a country, but the country will have nothing." The Kenyan adds bitterly: "The general will probably only realize it when he finds he can't get any medals minted any more. The Asians even did that."

BRITTANY

"Bebet Breiz!"

At Paris' stately Palais de Justice, eleven men from the ancient province of Brittany went on trial this month before the rarely convened National Security Court. The charges: terrorism and seeking to overthrow the authority of the state. Before the proceedings began, the conservative daily *Le Figaro* predicted that the defendants—members of an underground organization seeking autonomy for Brittany—would use the trial as a "magnificent platform"



FREED BRETON DEFENDANTS & FRIENDS CELEBRATE IN PARIS CAFE
Punches and polemics as the accused became the accusers.

for their cause. It was, as matters turned out, a most accurate guess.

On the very first day of the trial, one of the accused, Dr. Yves Gourvès, 25, declared through his lawyer that he would need an interpreter because he spoke only Breton, the native Celtic tongue of Brittany. Up rose District Attorney Pierre Aguiton with an objection. "The defendant speaks and understands French perfectly," he protested. "Otherwise, how could he have finished his medical studies? Besides, he answered pretrial questioning in French." Retorted Gourvès' lawyer, Henri Leclerc: "He may have forgotten his French in jail." The chief judge, François Romero, asked Gourvès if he had anything to say. "*Ne gompiz nemet e brezhoneg* [I will speak only in Breton]," replied the doctor. "I withdraw your right to speak," said Romero.

The bearded doctor continued talking in his Celtic tongue. "Guards!" cried the judge. "Expel the defendant from the courtroom." As the gendarmes moved in, five of Gourvès' fellow defendants jumped to his aid, thereby setting off a five-minute melee. Order was finally restored after six gendarmes produced sub-machine guns.

For the rest of the week-long trial, polemics replaced punches, with the accused in effect becoming the accusers. All but one of the defendants admitted having dynamited 18 public and private buildings in Brittany over a twelve-month period that ended last April. With the charges virtually undisputed, the prosecution did not bother to call a single witness. But the defendants used their days in court to speak out eloquently and emotionally on the economic exploitation and political neglect of their region.

Defense lawyers argued that the accused were not anarchists bent on gain-

ing Brittany's total independence from France but responsible autonomists who had been forced to resort to violence to dramatize their cause. Their principal aims: the right of Bretons to speak their own tongue and a Breton legislative assembly with some control over the use of taxes raised in Brittany. Among the supporting witnesses called by the defendants was a World War II French underground hero, General Jacques Paris de Bollardière, who declared: "The actions these Bretons are accused of I myself committed during the Resistance."

The Bretons also summoned to their defense representatives of France's other major ethnic groups—Basques, Catalans, Languedocians and Corsicans. The testimony of a young Catalan lawyer, Michel Mayol, reflected the increasing restlessness of Europe's regional minorities. "These men acted in legitimate self-defense against cultural alienation, economic exploitation and colonialism," he said. "The oppressive conditions provoke resistance. The defendants are not desperadoes, as they have been depicted, but the hope of Brittany." In the end, the judges seemed to agree that the accused were at least not desperadoes. After two hours' deliberation, they acquitted three and let the other eight go free with suspended prison sentences of two to five years.

Le Figaro called it a "verdict of appeasement," but Bretons were naturally delighted. As the defendants left the Palais de Justice, they were greeted by supporters waving Breton flags and chanting "Bebet Breiz!... Bebet Breiz! [Long live Brittany!]" Earlier in the day, an acrobatic sympathizer had placed the flag of Brittany atop the 250-foot spire of Notre Dame cathedral. Police had to send a physical education instructor up the spire to haul it down.

PEOPLE

"I only write when the mood comes," said **Sir John Betjeman**, "and it was just about to come when the phone started ringing and the television cameras arrived. Now I'm showing off like mad." At 66, Betjeman had just been named England's 19th poet laureate. The royal appointment, which pays \$170 a year plus \$66 "in lieu of a butt of sack," filled him first with "surprise, then a feeling of being humbled, and then pleasure." Perhaps England's most popular contemporary poet, Betjeman said he had no intention of carrying out the laureate's ceremonial duties. "I would not, for instance, be at all interested in writing a poem about Britain's entry into the economic market, or whatever it is. I want to write about such wonderful things as bees on ivy leaves and the golden light of a beautiful autumn evening."

"I didn't marry a King. I married a professor," the late **Queen Louise** of Sweden once remarked about her husband's lifelong search for archaeological treasures. Now 89, **King Gustaf VI Adolf** still enjoys an annual exploration in Italy. His latest dig is at Viterbo, 50 miles north of Rome, where His Majesty donned a jaunty hat, seized pick and chisel, and set forth to unearth the secrets of an Etruscan burial ground.

One of the most pleasant sights in Paris these days is the **Catherine Deneuve** ménage—Catherine herself, Good Friend **Marcello Mastroianni**, their baby daughter Chiara, and Christian, 9, Catherine's son by former Good Friend

DENEUVE & MENAGE



Roger Vadim—all out for a Sunday stroll. Catherine rarely talks about her private life, but in the current *Pageant*, she offers some pungent opinions: "Men are real *Arabs*. All men. They want to keep women submissive. Even the best of them I really think it's in the blood. I myself happen to be for free love. I have absolutely no regret and no shame regarding any relationship I have ever had with any man."

Aboard the night ferry to Martha's Vineyard, a strange voice called out to World Bank President **Robert S. McNamara** that a phone call awaited him in the wheelhouse. As the former Defense



KING GUSTAF & TOOLS
A monarch digs.

Secretary started up the ladder, a young man attacked him and tried to throw him overboard. At 56, McNamara is still a strenuous New Frontier-era skiing and mountain-climbing enthusiast; he easily beat off the younger man, whose agility appeared somewhat addled by wine. The unidentified attacker was then restrained by friends. Why the attack? Apparently McNamara has dismayed the Vineyard's community of nude swimmers by buying a beach where they like to congregate. McNamara has promised to keep a stretch of the beach public, but in the swimmers' view, life will never again be so jolly.

"Ah, it's going to be great," rumbled Saloonkeeper **Toots Shor** as he opened the doors of his new watering hole for Manhattan's sporting set (Toots' last place was shut down in 1971 for nonpayment of taxes). Bending elbows and ears at the festivities were some 1,000 friends and customers, including Secretary of State **William P. Rogers**, **Ed Sullivan**, **Rocky Graziano**,



DEMPSKY & SHOR
A champion swings.

Frank Gifford, **W. Averell Harriman**, and **Larry O'Brien** (who held up a T-shirt emblazoned: I'M A DEMOCRAT—DON'T BUG ME). "Hello, Big John!" Toots roared as he bussed fellow Restaurateur **Jack Dempsey**. The former champion answered with a playful right to the jaw. Said one guest at the mid-afternoon party neared midnight: "I'll probably be here for breakfast."

"I do hereby accuse the United States Supreme Court of high crimes and treason, namely of mocking the Constitution, trammeling Freedom of the Press..." And so on. With this flourish, **Ralph Ginzburg**, self-publicist supreme, informed the world that he had just been paroled after eight months of a three-year sentence for sending obscene material through the mail. Actually, Allenwood Prison camp was not all that bad—Ginzburg even served as a sexton at the prison church—but it was all very depressing. "I felt psychically castrated. I lost 30 lbs. I spent plenty of nights weeping into my pillow." Now liberated and dry-eyed, Ginzburg vowed to reopen his case. "My reputation has been besmirched," said he. "I will be vindicated."

Is it true, that legend about **Howard Hughes** having a druidical beard and toenails two inches long? Indeed it is, according to **Bob Rehak**, who says that he skippered an 83-ft. yacht that spirited the millionaire recluse from Paradise Island to Miami last February. When Hughes arrived on board, Rehak told the *Miami Herald*, he was on a stretcher, and his five aides "had him under some sort of dope. He'd open his eyes and they would roll to the back of his head." Rehak adds "He had this real stringy beard. His hair was down over his shoulders. He stood up and fumbled with his old bathrobe—didn't have a stitch on underneath—and that's when I noticed his long toenails. They were so long they curled up."



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THE LAW

Street Crime: Who's Winning?

We have launched an all-out offensive against the forces of crime, against the forces of drugs, and we are beginning to win.

—Richard M. Nixon

TO the nearly 1,000,000 Americans who have been physically attacked this year, President Nixon's statement in Atlanta last week must have sounded strange, even as election-year hyperbole. Any victim of criminal violence was more likely to be moved by the question Senator George McGovern posed to a campaign crowd in New York: "I want to ask you," said the Democratic candidate, "do you feel safer after four years of Richard Nixon? Mr. Nixon and his Administration are [trying to] mask a record of astounding failure in the field of crime behind a veil of law-and-order rhetoric, which grows more strident as the muggings and murders and rapes in our cities continue to rise."

According to the FBI's latest statistics, violent crime is indeed more prevalent than at any time since 1930, when the agency began keeping records. Throughout the '60s, the annual incidence of violent crime rose from 160 to 393 per 100,000 inhabitants; murder increased 70%, rape 113% and robbery 212%. Although the need for law-and-order accounted for some of President Nixon's more vehement campaign oratory in 1968, the 34 years of his Administration have witnessed an increase of more than 30% in major crimes, in most of which the victim gets no state compensation. And as San Francisco Police Lieut. William Koenig observes, "the big change over ten years ago continues to be in viciousness."

Numbers Games. There are, to be sure, many questions about the reliability of all crime statistics. Police Chief Jerry Wilson of Washington, D.C., who reports a reduction in major crimes from 202 per day to 96 since 1969, admits that the figures can be manipulated up and down at will, though he denies any such tampering in his own department: "Where did 202 crimes a day go? I mean, I didn't eat them!" One answer comes from the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst, which recently audited the D.C. police records and found that more than 1,000 thefts of over \$50 had been purposely downgraded to below \$50. That made them petty larceny and dropped them from the roster of major crimes. Princeton Political Scientist David Seidman, who helped conduct another study of Washington, adds, "The police tend not even to record crime they believe they have little or no chance of solving." Even more misleading, according to experts, is the fact that many, perhaps even most crimes are

never reported to the police at all.

However the statistics come out, most citizens today feel that the social contract has been all but rent by the savagery of U.S. crime (see box next page). Yet Nixon's chief adviser on domestic affairs, John D. Ehrlichman, strongly disagrees. "The social contract lives," he said in an interview. "We have brought the rate of increase of crime down. The country is in materially better shape than when we took over." And, in fact, although the key crimes of rape and aggravated assault are still increasing, the FBI's latest statistics show that the growth in all crime slowed to 1% for the first six months of 1972, compared with 7% for the same period last year. There are even signs that the rate may actually decline during the second half of this year. Already, robbery and auto theft have decreased by 4% each. As Nixon said, citing those figures, "If we get the chance, we will turn it around."

Reports from each of TIME's U.S. bureaus largely confirm the FBI figures and suggest that the U.S. crime rate, though cruelly high, is finally leveling off. While crime continues to rise in rural and suburban areas, Washington, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco are among 72 cities reporting an actual drop in major crimes. "I am not what you would call a starry-eyed dreamer," says Detroit Commissioner John Nichols, "but I am tempted to say that law enforcement is on the eve of a golden age. Now we are getting the money we need, we are developing the expertise we've always needed, and we are getting public attention and interest." Adds Wayne County Sheriff William Lucas: "A while ago the criminals were driving 1970 Cadillacs, and we were chugging after them in 1928 Fords. Last year they were driving 1972s, but we were in 1970s. We are getting professional—fast."

One problem with Nixon's oratory about "law-and-order" is that the President of the U.S. has little direct responsibility for crime in the streets (except in Washington, D.C.). Nixon can inveigh against "permissive judges," as he recently did, and he can appoint to the federal judiciary men he considers of sterner stuff, but federal courts normally do not try muggers, just as federal police do not normally pursue murderers. What the President can do is to urge Congress to provide money, and that Nixon has done.

The centerpiece of the Nixon program is the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Only four years old, LEAA has already received \$1.5 billion; it will get \$850 million next year. Much of this money has been distributed as grants to various states, with state officials deciding how to spend the



WOUNDED WOMAN IN RALEIGH, N.C.



MURDER VICTIM IN DETROIT



PURSE SNATCHING ATTEMPT IN DENVER



THE LAW

funds. "It's allowed us to do more than we could ever have done without it, from computerizing crime information to tripling the serving of warrants," says Los Angeles Lieut. Dick Bongard. Citing new educational programs for officers in the social sciences, criminology and police management, as well as the purchase of new and better equipment, Boston Police Superintendent Jeremiah Sullivan says, "We've gotten a big boost from LEAA."

On the other hand, LEAA funds have also been dissipated. In Fort Lauderdale, Fla., for example, each of 34 deputies got a new police car for use on and off duty, ostensibly to increase a local sense of police presence. Cost: \$150,000. The popularity of anti-riot hardware prompted Winona, Minn., to use \$9,000 in LEAA funds to outfit its 37 policemen with riot gear, although

a nearby National Guard armory had plenty of similar equipment. A study of organized crime in Illinois uncovered information that was already in the files of the Chicago crime commission. "There has been a tremendous amount of public money flushed down the LEAA drain," says Northwestern Law Professor Fred Inbau, a self-described hardliner on law-and-order.

The Administration has also made a major effort to curb the drug traffic, since addicts are blamed for as much as one-half of all big-city street crime. Pressured by Washington, Turkey has banned the growing of opium poppies, and the U.S. has increased its force of customs officers. The Administration has also been urging local police forces to give urine tests to all arrested suspects. Under this proposal, discovered drug users who agree to compulsory

treatment can have their prosecution delayed, and eventually the charges may be dropped; a version of the idea was adopted last week by New York Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy.

Despite Nixon's various plans and programs, the job of crime fighting remains a problem for local police—and local citizens. On that level, increased attention to community-relations programs often helps to alleviate citizens' fears and frequently brings a bonus in citizen cooperation. In Chicago, after nervous civilians organized nine radio patrols of their own in a racially changing neighborhood, police met with the groups in an effort to avoid the danger of vigilante action. "A rapport developed," says one officer, "and the patrols have helped beyond description." Detroit Commissioner Nichols, who appears at a black radio station for a weekly talk show, *Buzz the Fuzz*, is convinced that public attitudes are changing. "They no longer necessarily believe that the police can do no right," he says. During one recent raid on a Detroit dope pad, the arresting officers were stunned when neighborhood people came out on the street to applaud.

Concentration of police efforts is another tactic that can pay off handsomely. In Holyoke, Mass., two years ago, a team of twelve cops was permanently assigned to a lower-class neighborhood (10% black, 40% Spanish-speaking, 50% white ethnic) and given full responsibility for all criminal cases in the area—from start to finish. John Goss, assistant to the chief, says, "That gave the cops a sense of satisfaction. And the people soon began calling on them without fear. The result is that violent crime has disappeared from the neighborhood." In a successful Los Angeles version, a patrol car manned round the clock by three trios of officers is assigned to a single neighborhood.

Defenses. Specifically to combat street crime, both Detroit and New York have tried using decoys. New York's Deputy Inspector Anthony Voelker told his squad that "anything that is legal, moral and works is satisfactory." The result has been a patrol of blind men, little old ladies, Santa Clauses, cripples, garbage men and rabbis, all armed cops. The squad's sentimental favorite is Policewoman Mary Glutze, known as Muggable Mary in honor of her having been attacked more than 35 times.

Despite such innovations, even the most optimistic police officials admit that a significant part of the change in crime rates reflects an enforced change in American life. The new auto-steering-wheel locks, for instance, get credit for much of the drop in car thefts. The same sort of result is achieved when taxi drivers carry little change to be robbed of, and when their cabs are equipped with bulletproof partitions. Young women who live alone are safer when they keep dogs in their apartments; welfare clients are foiling mailbox thieves by pick-

Portrait of a Mugger and His "Turkeys"

TALL, black and built like a wrestler, Ronnie grew up in a Harlem tenement with 15 brothers and sisters, sometimes sleeping two and three to a bed. Now 21, he has been mugging for a living since the age of 15. "It just boiled down to the

occasional forays into The Bronx or even midtown Manhattan. On an average night, they attacked eight victims or "turkeys," taking a total of about \$300. Only when the victim resisted was he beaten. "If you hassle me, I get scared," Ronnie explains. One night a record-store owner tried to stop the gang from stealing albums. Ronnie and his friends beat him so badly that he was on the hospital critical list three weeks.

As New Yorkers grow ever more fearful of muggers, Ronnie and his friends find them increasingly willing to fight back. "Before, brute strength was enough," he says. "Now people are running around with hats, knives, even guns. You gotta be alert. You gotta know who to take off." Once Ronnie and other gang members followed a man into an apartment elevator, pushed him up against a wall and demanded his wallet. The man pulled out a .45-cal. pistol so they fled.

Only two types of people are exempt from attack by Ronnie: elderly women ("You throw an old lady up against the wall," he says, "and she might have a heart attack") and people with dogs—of any kind. One night Ronnie and his friends started following a woman walking her Chihuahua. When the tiny dog began barking, apartment lights went on and windows opened up and down the block. The gang ran.

Of the 130-odd muggers Ronnie has known during his own six-year career, about 20 are dead, ten are in jail and the rest have "retired." Ronnie too talks of quitting. He has been attending college and is now working with a storefront social agency in the East Village. Even so, it has been less than a month since Ronnie's last mugging.

fact that I didn't have the things I needed—shoes, clothes, food," he explains. "So I either had to go to work or get out in the streets. Work was impossible—I was too young. Besides, mugging was like a game at first. The object was to be faster than the Man."

In teams of three or more, Ronnie and fellow members of a teenage gang called the Young Mafia worked the west side of Harlem, with



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COUNT ON COPPER

THE LAW

ing up their checks in person; and elderly Boston women are going to morning Mass in self-protecting groups of ten to 20. One of the most important contributions to the new style of defensive living is one of the simplest: more and more cities are lighting up at night. New sodium lights, which double the illumination of normal street lamps, have proliferated. Last week New York Mayor John Lindsay announced that \$15 million would be spent putting sodium lights on 1,200 miles of the city's streets.

But defensive living and improved police techniques deal only with one end of the criminal-justice system. Police have long been able "to produce more arrests than the courts and prisons could dispose of rationally and efficiently," says Criminologist Hans Mattick of the University of Illinois in Chicago. For reasons of both deterrence and fairness, "speedy law enforcement is most important," says Phoenix Lawyer John Frank. "The Administration could do a hell of a lot more in that area." Funds are needed for more judges, expanded courtroom facilities and better administrative techniques. Furthermore, penologists agree that the entire prison system needs to be overhauled for the benefit of society as well as that of the inmates. Today's penitentiaries produce ex-cons who are often more violent than when they went in.

Rash. Little of the Nixon-inspired war on crime has been directed beyond front-line measures. "The whole program operates on the assumption that crime is a superficial rash," says Harvard Law Professor James Vorenberg, former executive director of the President's crime commission, and now an adviser to George McGovern. "Continuing denial of opportunity, combined with the anonymity of city life, is destroying the social pressure to abstain from crime." Guessing that the odds against catching the average burglar "are no better than 50 to 1," Vorenberg suggests that "crime may seem like a good bet for those whose lives are little more than a struggle for survival."

He is, of course, calling for greater social justice, a plea that is often met by the firm cry of "permissiveness." Berkeley Criminologist Jerry Skolnick observes, "It is like a symbolic battle—between those who want to appear tough and those who want to appear soft." What works is what matters. Northwestern's Inbau, for instance, favors stiffened sentences and reduction of technical legal defenses, but also points out that some potentially effective "soft" approaches have not been tried—notably, enforced gun-control laws and elimination of police responsibility for some "victimless" crimes like gambling and vice. Inbau credits the Administration with having created a feeling that something can be done about crime. But for precisely that reason, whoever is President next January is going to have to do a great deal more.

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ENVIRONMENT

Shh!

Man has a built-in defense against continuous exposure to loud noise: he goes partially deaf. Before that, however, he may well suffer headaches, heart flutter, and even ulcers. What can be done to quiet the crescendo that is rising every year? New York City has an answer. It has just passed the toughest noise code in the nation.

The new law bans several major sources of street noise, such as cars honking horns and stores using outdoor loudspeakers. One especially controversial provision forbids construction between dusk and dawn; another demands that pet owners hush obstreperous dogs, cats and parrots. But the code's real importance lies in setting strict, quantifiable limits on the most offensive and easily controlled city sounds: the cacophony of machinery. The limits are measured in decibels on a logarithmic scale that runs from the threshold of hearing (1) through the level of hearing impairment (85 db, if continuous) to that of acute pain (135 db). (By comparison, normal conversation registers at about 55 db, a vacuum cleaner at 70 db, and a jet taking off at 118 db.) If quieter machinery does not yet exist, or is not now used in New York, the code requires it be developed or obtained before future deadlines. Among the rules:

► For vehicles moving up to 35 m.p.h., the racket of engine, muffler and

tires must not exceed 86 db in trucks, 82 db in motorcycles and 76 db in cars.

► Air compressors: 90 db by 1973, 80 db by mid-1974.

► Garbage truck compactors: 70 db for models made after 1974.

► Police sirens: 90 db by mid-1973.

► Jackhammers: 94 db by 1974.

To succeed in the quest for quiet, of course, the code must be well enforced. Since noise often lasts only a few deafening seconds, enforcement is extremely difficult. New York's solution is twofold. Private citizens can hale constant noisemakers into a special civil court. If convicted, offenders will be fined up to \$1,000 a day, of which the complainant may be awarded a bounty of as much as 50%. More important, the city is spending \$800,000 to hire and equip a noise-abatement staff. Starting next week, twelve inspectors will prow the city with sensitive decibel counters, ready to slap violators with \$500 fines on the spot.

Saving Green Springs

Green Springs is a beautiful old Virginia community where nothing very momentous has happened since the Confederate cavalry fought Union horsemen at the Battle of Trevilian Station, June 11-12, 1864. There has been virtually no building since then, not a single supermarket, not even a gas station. The rich, rolling farm land is still



COLONEL & MRS. ELY AT HAWKWOOD
A cultural legacy.

dotted with fine 18th and 19th century houses in a variety of styles: modest Colonial, ample Federal, exuberant Victorian. Indeed, says Frederick Haritt, chairman of the University of Virginia's art department, Green Springs is an "American equivalent" of France's chateau region or the villa-studded hills outside Florence. So it was here that the Commonwealth of Virginia decided, in its infinite wisdom, to build an \$8,000,000, 200-acre concrete prison complex, complete with guard tower.

The prison itself is undeniably needed. Serving as a "reception center" for all newly convicted felons, it would help replace an antiquated and overcrowded facility in Richmond. It therefore must be located in a central part of the state, near good roads and close to well-equipped hospitals. Green Springs, in Louisa County, filled all the requirements. In 1970 the county board of supervisors, delighted at the prospect of gaining part of the prison's \$1.5 million annual payroll, endorsed the project. As for the historic architecture, said Supervisor R. Earl Ogg, "Why, Virginia is full of houses like that."

Parlor Pig. Green Springs' 200 residents were aghast, as were other true-blue Virginians. They foresaw that the prison would not only deface the pastoral area but also attract new housing projects for guards and motels for visitors. It was, residents often said, like "leading the pig into the parlor." Architects, historical societies and garden clubs bombarded state and federal officials with indignant letters. If the prison were built, said one, it would be "an affront to the past and an insult to the future." The area around such important houses as Boswell's Tavern, a supposed haunt of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Patrick Henry,

CITY NOISEMAKERS: PNEUMATIC DRILLS, ROARING TRAFFIC, GROWLING GARBAGE CRUSHERS



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LAWS AGAINST
DRUNK DRIVERS
VIOLATE
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RIGHTS.



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Who is the habitual offender? He is the driver who continually disregards the safety of others and the laws of his state. And he proves it by accumulating repeat convictions for serious traffic violations such as drunk driving, speeding, running traffic lights, hit-and-run. By far the deadliest of the habitual offenders is the drunk driver. He is responsible for more traffic deaths

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sachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina and Rhode Island. And in Florida, a Habitual Offender Bill is now before legislature.

But there's a long way to go to make all our highways safer for the careful-driving majority. Every state must crack down with effective laws to get the potential killers off the road.

Below, we've outlined what we consider to be a tough but fair basis for legislation against the habitual offender. If you agree with Safeco's proposals and would like to know how you can support such legislation in your state, write to: Safeco Insurance, Seattle, Washington 98105.



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7. Committing any felony in which a motor vehicle is used.
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October 5, 1972



MODEL OF THE PRISON PROJECT
A needed facility?

required protection and preservation.

Virginia Governor Linwood Holton and his department of welfare and institutions brushed away the complaints like gnats on a summer day. So a group of Green Springs' principal property owners, led by Colonel and Mrs. Hiram Ely, who own a renowned Tuscan-style villa named Hawkwood, turned to the courts. They demanded federal intervention, since Washington was to pay \$775,000 of the prison's construction costs. In one resultant "environmental impact" statement made last summer, the U.S. Justice Department called the historic site "undesirable." Then a study by the Interior Department concluded last month that any grant of federal funds to the project would be "inconsistent" with laws designed to preserve the U.S.'s cultural heritage. The state's reply: It would go ahead and build the facility without Washington's help. As for the Louisa County supervisors, they blamed "pseudo intellectuals" for mirroring the prison in "federal muck."

Governor Holton did feel the accumulating pressure, however. Last week he announced that he would relocate the prison to another site—if Green Springs property owners would give the state easements to assure the preservation of the area. At week's end jubilant residents promised the state easements on at least 2,000 of the district's acres, in effect freezing the land in its present condition.

Even so, the battle is not over. Green Springs, it now turns out, is nestling on rich deposits of vermiculite, a mineral used in making insulation and packing materials. A business conglomerate has already bought prospecting rights from several owners, so Green Springs faces a new threat: strip mining. Cried the proleptic Mrs. Ely: "We'll sue!"

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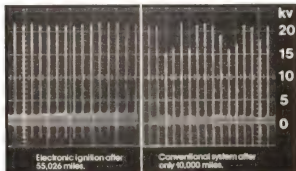
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Slap and Twist

"Like Western civilization, like humanity itself, De Kooning is constantly declared by critics to be in a state of decline." So spoke Critic Harold Rosenberg some years ago. There is no doubt that since the middle 1960s, Willem de Kooning has suffered in reputation. As one of the father figures of Abstract Expressionism, he has offended critics who believe in the iron laws of stylistic turnover by outliving his "period." Moreover, it is five years since De Kooning, now 68, produced a show: whatever the celebrated Dutch expatriate (who moved to the U.S. in 1926) might have been doing in his studio at Springs, L.I., was veiled from the public. Now a one-man show by De Kooning at the Sidney Janis Gallery in Manhattan supplies the answer, and it is startling enough. In addition to a group of paintings, De Kooning's new activity is sculpture.

In retrospect, De Kooning seems to have hardly ever painted an abstract picture. The resistant surfaces of the real world are always there in the paint, whether explicitly—as in the *Woman* series 20 years ago—or by implication, in the fleshy rub and friction of one biomorphic shape against another. His new canvases suggest (not only by their titles) the low, flat landscapes of Long Island: high-keyed pinks and yellows and acid greens, a flicker of noon light, blue heat-haze on the potato fields, a jumble of sun-flushed legs on the sand. With a handful of minor exceptions, De Kooning's paint work manages to avoid the rather flaccid, glutinous and mushy quality it assumed in the middle '60s: his gestures occupy a curious middle ground between bravura swipe and pasty softness, and the pigment oozes suggestively, a matrix of wavering depths. The sum effect is of sensual chaos, but modified with knowing flicks and placements: sprawl as form, luscious

and—despite all the turbulence on top—lazily seductive. They are among the most accessible canvases De Kooning has made.

The sculptures are a different matter. If the paintings are largely about landscape as body, De Kooning's bronzes are body as landscape. There is no question of exploiting the material, either through the subtleties of patina or its inherent sense of mass; few bronzes, indeed, recall so insistently their origins as clay. They are cindery lumps of inert matter, pummeled and squashed with what appears at first to be a paroxysm of gratuitous violence. In the largest piece, *Clam Digger* (1972), De Kooning's love of direct action reaches the outer limits of credibility: this mud-footed golem, clumping along inside his ridged, tormented epidermis, is all gesture, assuming form in a challengingly haphazard way. De Kooning's sculptures admittedly look regressive. They evoke memories of the European Ex-



"CLAM DIGGER," 1972



"FIGURE XIII," 1970

"FLOATING FIGURE," 1972



pressionism of the 1950s—Dubuffet's turnip men and the familiar postwar imagery of the human figure as disaster area. Thus Figure XII, 1970, lying with outflung arms on a bronze-cast roof tile, obscurely suggests the traditional image of crucifixion even though it could just as easily be a sunbather. De Kooning's new work is a matter of symptom, rather than code: its contortions carry less meaning than one is apt to suppose.

But for all their stubborn disregard of what sculpture "ought" to look like in the 1970s, De Kooning's bronzes stand in an interesting relationship to his paintings—as, indeed, the sculpture of major painters often does. Henri Matisse's casts, for instance, served as a receptacle for those instincts toward solid, feelable shape which he could not (without violating the development of his work as a painter) get into his canvases. De Kooning imagery has long tended toward the monstrous. But the images existed in a fictional space, descended from Cubism, flattened and modulated. One may guess that De Kooning felt curious about how his figures might look off the page, when the surface violence of brushmarks was translated into the more actual violence of the hand-slapping and twisting lumps of clay.

The silhouette of a piece like *Floating Figure*, 1972, is almost identical to the wavering calligraphy in his new paintings. But they do not seem so, being solid. It is a demonstration of how an artist's handwriting can change its expressive meaning by changing medium. One may doubt De Kooning's future as a sculptor—but not his unfading vitality.

■ Robert Hughes



SCULPTOR DE KOONING
Body as landscape.



ATTACKING FRIED CHICKEN IN CALIFORNIA



CRUNCHING THROUGH A NUT COURSE IN CHICAGO

MODERN LIVING

The Importance Of Being Greedy

In Downey, Calif., a man in his early 20s went through the prime-ribs line seven times at Marmac's, a restaurant that provides an unlimited amount of roast beef for only \$3.50. If the evening was a total loss for Marmac's, it was for the customer too. He wound up in a hospital, having his stomach pumped out. But less than a week later, he was back in the beef line at the same restaurant.

The Downey episode is just one of many similar instances of gluttony that occur daily across the U.S. in an ever-increasing number of "all-you-can-eat" restaurants. Apart from regulars, like the dainty little old lady who routinely gobbles 20 pieces of fried chicken (for only \$1.55) on each visit to Shakey's Pizza Parlor in Los Angeles, gluttons have only their appetites in common and are difficult to identify at a glance. Manager Edward White of Manhattan's Stockholm Restaurant (unlimited smorgasbord for \$6.95) still shudders when he remembers the tall, beautifully groomed woman who ravaged his 85-dish buffet. With exquisite technique but total nondiscrimination, she forked slabs of roast beef atop heaps of shrimp, added globs of Swedish meatballs and salted herring, then ladled a quart or so of Russian dressing over the mess. "It looked like an exploding volcano," says White, "and she repeated three or four times." On her next visit, some customers, sickened by the sight of the orgy, began to complain, and White politely told the woman she was welcome no longer.

Considerably easier to detect was the mob of high school kids who descended on a Howard Johnson's restau-

rant in Spring Valley, N.Y. They arrived on chicken night (unlimited amount for \$1.69) and devoured 360 pieces of chicken (about 90 lbs.), along with salad and rolls, before vanishing into the night. Another easy-to-spot glutton was the "gigantic man" who waddled into a Sir George's Smorgasbord House branch in the San Fernando Valley. He opened with 2 lbs. of salad, then reduced a chicken to rubble, inhaled two plates of roast beef, and washed it all down with milk. Then he thoughtfully wiped his plate clean with half a loaf of bread, paid his \$2.50 check and left. (Inexplicably, he passed up dessert.) Jack LeFever, a vice president of Sir George, while denying that the huge customer was responsible, reports that most of the restaurants in the chain have since stopped advertising its all-you-can-eat come-on. "The policy remains the same," he says, "but we don't plug it any more."

The supreme challenge to gluttons is posed by the \$10 Fiesta dinner offered by the Club El Bianco on Chicago's Southwest Side. The three- to four-hour Super Bowl of Gluttony begins with appetizers (bean salad, salmon and pepperoni) and a vast antipasto tray, continues with soup, tossed salad, stuffed peppers, ribs, eggplant parmigiana, veal scallopini, chicken cacciatore and piles of pasta. Dessert includes pastries, fruit and cookies, followed by a nut cart. If anyone complains that he is still hungry, Manager Peter Bianco Jr. has a secret weapon that few could stomach: a huge submarine sandwich topped by a "Champion" trophy. "Nobody's finished the whole thing yet," says Bianco. "If anyone really has, he hasn't lived to talk about it."

Most restaurateurs suffer silently under a gourmand's assault, but they all frown on one particular variant, the

Takeout Artist. At the Stockholm, for example, Manager White caught one soberly dressed couple making off with 4 lbs. of shrimp in a concealed plastic bag after they had finished dining. When White intercepted them, both complained angrily—and the woman dumped the smuggled shrimp on the floor at his feet. A pair of California counterculturalists astounded the manager of Shakey's Pizza Parlor with the huge amounts of food they were putting away—until he found an excuse to open their guitar case and found 200 pieces of chicken stashed inside.

Still, the all-you-can-eat theme keeps spreading, and profits keep rolling in. Explains Larry Ellman, whose 37-unit Steak and Brew chain offers unlimited amounts of salad, drinks and bread with a modestly priced entrée: "The person who eats too much is a fantastic advertisement for us, because he'll tell other people about his great buy." Fifteen Steak and Brew establishments are on the drawing boards, and further expansion seems to be limited only by the output of world agriculture. "We've never run out of food," boasts Robert Gladstone, manager of one of the Steak and Brews. "We let them eat as long as they want to."

Neon: It's a Gas

To Rudi Stern, a Manhattan lighting designer, neon signs are more than glaring advertisements. They are "an anonymous art form that is indelibly part of the American landscape, as much a part of us as our highway system." But neon signs are rapidly being replaced by more modern forms of outdoor advertising, and to prevent the complete disappearance of neon from the American scene, Stern has decided to move it indoors. With Partner Mel Romanoff, he has opened a Manhattan gallery called Let There Be Neon, devoted exclusively to selling discarded neon signs—and a few brand-new ones

MODERN LIVING

—as glowing decorations for the home.

Stern's affinity for neon developed in the late 1960s, when he began collecting castoff neon fixtures from stores that were simply throwing them away. "I finally had about 40 of them hanging on the walls of my loft," he recalls. "Some of my friends saw them, liked them and even bought them. That's when I first got the idea of selling neon fixtures for use in the home." It took Partner Romanoff longer to succumb to neon, but now he too is an incurable addict. Recently he suffered through "this terrible old Ida Lupino movie because every nightclub they went into had these fantastic neon signs."

Today the cave-like walls of Let There Be Neon are decorated with some 80 classic objects of the fading art. There is something to fit the taste of every neon connoisseur, from a 1938 WE RENT TUXEDOS AND BRIDAL GOWNS sign (\$125) to a magnificent \$225 fixture reading IRVING'S KOSHER. For those with a political bent, there is a huge sign exhorting the voters to ELECT LAZZARA SENATOR for \$100. ("We don't know if he won or not," says Romanoff.) The gallery also includes some contemporary fixtures designed especially for home decorating: large neon circles (\$100) that can be substituted for chandeliers over dining tables, and decorative pieces consisting of luminous outlines of flowers, telephones, umbrellas—even a pair of lips.

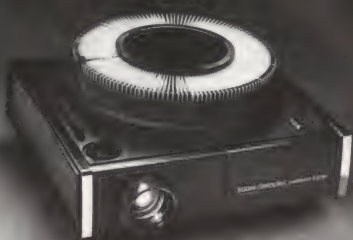
Ultimately Stern and Romanoff plan to hire a glass blower who will create fixtures to order. The first orders have already begun to roll in. "A man who collects things with mushrooms called and said he's been thinking for years of a neon mushroom," says Stern. "We told him we'd make him one and he's ecstatic."



SIGNS AT THE STERN-ROMANOFF GALLERY
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FELLINI DIRECTS PRIESTLY FASHION SHOW, SPANISH DANCER, PROSTITUTES

CINEMA

Fellini Primer

FELLINI'S ROMA

Directed by FEDERICO FELLINI

Screenplay by FEDERICO FELLINI and
BERNARDINO ZAPPONI

This is a Fellini movie for people who have never seen a Fellini movie. The images spill in torrents from the screen; the air of a carnival turning into a bacchanal is everywhere. So, alas, is the sense of *déjà vu*. Fellini has taken us all on this guided tour of his timid nether world too many times before.

"This is the story of a city, a portrait of Rome," Fellini's voice instructs as the credits flash by, "a mixture of strange, contradictory images." If only it were. There are two sequences that are virtuoso feats even by Fellini's elaborate standards: a weird, bloody and cacophonous entrance into a rainy nighttime Rome along a crowded highway, and a boisterous, affectionate re-creation of a night in a music hall during World War II, the audience far more vigorous and creative than the amateur talent passing in review. Fellini is at his best here, which makes the disappointment of the remainder of the film all the more acute.

Roma is not a narrative but a mosaic of phantoms from Fellini's memory and fantasy. The scenes of Fellini's childhood in Rimini have none of the insight of *I Vitelloni*, made 20 years ago and still far more immediate. A long fantasy about an ecclesiastical fashion show had its far more effective beginnings in *La Dolce Vita*, when Anita Ekberg galloped up to the dome of St. Peter's dressed in a parody of a priest's outfit. Fellini even teases us by reprising

ing a melody from *La Dolce Vita* as the clergy parade in their *outré* regalia.

Fellini obviously intended this film to be a kind of ironic travelogue of the collapse of Rome. Visiting a subway tunnel under construction below the Roman streets, the film makers (in a scene lifted from *A Director's Notebook*) encounter a remnant of the ancient past—an old house with statues intact and frescoes that look, unfortunately, like WPA murals. Air from the outside is eating rapidly away at the paintings, turning them to dust. Later Fellini recruits Gore Vidal, perhaps the closest living descendant of Epicurus, to discourse ironically on Rome's inevitable disintegration. The film ends with shots of helmeted motorcyclists roaring over dark, deserted streets.

Fellini is the first major director to insert himself into the very title of a film. He neglected, however, to put much of himself into the movie. Lacking a sense of strong commitment or interest, Fellini's *Roma* becomes an aimless side-show.

■ Jay Cocks

Prairie Dogs

BAD COMPANY

Directed by ROBERT BENTON

Screenplay by DAVID NEWMAN and
ROBERT BENTON

The glories of patriotism have never quite got through to Drew Dixon (Barry Brown), who had a brother killed at Chickamauga. Little wonder that when the Union Army passes through Greenville, Ohio, pressing unwilling recruits into service, Drew hides under a table, then speeds off to Missouri.

He gets as far as St. Joseph before

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KNOW WHY ITS
MAKER WAS
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CINEMA

throwing in with a band of rascals on their way West. Drew takes overbearing pride in being an upright Methodist. He struggles to stay on the straight and narrow as his cronies teach him to lie, to steal, to live by his wits and, those failing, his gun. His principles are most frequently mocked and compromised by the gang leader (Jeff Bridges), with whom he strikes up the kind of mutually antagonistic friendship often found in such films of Howard Hawks as *Rio Bravo* and *Red River*. Each member of the gang has sworn to share with the others, but as his companions scrounge for a meal—and sometimes get killed in the process—Drew keeps \$100 stashed in his shoe. The bankroll makes his lofty moral principles a great deal easier to hold.

Benton's directorial debut, *Bad Company* is very much in the same hokey picaresque tradition as *Hombre* and *Clyde* and *There Was a Crooked Man*, for which Benton and Newman contributed characteristically jaunty scripts. *Bad Company* makes a point of debunking assorted myths of the Old West and the glorious pioneer tradition, all in a congenial, chiding sort of way that begins to wear long before the last scene.

Smart and fast at its best, *Bad Company* too often turns arch, and its characters are self-consciously countrified, like admen going to work in bib overalls. Their dialogue has the somewhat disconcerting ring of *Huckleberry Finn* rewritten for New Yorker cartoon captions. Benton's direction, though, is astonishingly adept for a first feature, while Brown and Bridges make an engagingly boisterous pair. The cinematography is by Gordon Willis (*The Godfather*), who for reasons unknown has chosen to make everything and everyone look brown.

■ Jay Cocks

JEFF BRIDGES IN "COMPANY"



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Sispeak: A Msguided Attempt to Change Herstory

AS the chairperson of Senator McGovern's task force on "the environment," begins Robert N. Rickles' letter to constituents. Chairperson? The title is no partisan issue: the G.O.P. also had a chairperson in Miami Beach. Thus another label comes unglued. The man and his woman are Out; the neuter "person" is In—and only the chair is allowed to linger undisturbed. Chairperson is just the latest exchange in that great linguistic bazaar where new terms are traded for old. The elderly "Mrs." and the shy "Miss" now curtsy to the crisp, swinging "Ms." "Congressone" has been suggested in federal corridors to replace the Congressman-woman stigma.

Lexicographers Ms. Casey Miller and Ms. Kate Swift recently amplified the Women's Lib party line: men have traditionally used language to subjugate women. As they see it, William James' bitch-goddess Success and the National Weather Service's Hurricane Agnes are products of the same criminal mind, designed to foster the illusion of woman as Eve, forever volatile and treacherous. The authors therefore suggest the elimination of sexist terms. "Genkind," they think, would provide a great encompassing umbrella under which all humanity could huddle, regardless. Varda One, a radical philologist, asks for the obliteration of such repugnant pronouns as he and she, his and hers. In place she offers ve, vis and ver. "We don't go around addressing persons by their race, height or eye color," says One. "Why should we identify them by sex?" Unfortunately, such designations tend to remove rather than increase an individual's sense of self. "Personalized" Christmas cards are about as personal as a paper cup.

Through the echoes of the new verbalism, one can sense the distress of that crystal spirit, George Orwell. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* he posited the principles of a new tongue. "In Newspeak," wrote Orwell, "words which had once borne a heretical meaning were sometimes retained for the sake of convenience, but only with the undesirable meanings purged out of them." "Goodsex" meant chastity; "crimethink" suggested equality. "The greatest difficulty facing the compilers of Newspeak," continued Orwell, "was not to invent new words, but, having invented them, to make sure what they meant; to make sure what ranges of words they canceled by their existence."

Certainly the compilers of the new Sispeak have no such totalitarian purposes. Big Sister is not yet watching, and from the beginning the feminist wordsmiths have had to endure mockery and ridicule. Cartoonists and satirists have suggested that the ladies were Libbing under a Msapprehension. Their inventions were Msanthropic and Msguided attempts to change herstory. *The Godmother* was to be Mario Puzo's new Mafia novel; *Womandarin* Critic Susan Daughtertag was the new bottle for the old whine. Shedsion, girlcotting and countess-downs were to be anticipated in the liberated '70s. As for the enemy, he could expect to be confronted by female helligerents inviting him to put up his duchesses. He would find, in short, that his gander was cooked. All flagrantly gendered words would be swiftly unsexed. The ottoman would become the otto-it, the highboy would metamorphose into the highthing, and ladyfingers would be served under the somewhat less appealing name of person-fingers.

Yet beyond the hoots and herstrionics, the feminists seemed to have reason on their side. Tradition does play favorites with gender. Man, master, father are the commonplaces of theological and political leadership. Who, for example, could imagine the Four Horsepersons of the Apocalypse or George Washington, first in the hearts of his countrypeople? Even the literature of equality favors the male: Robert Burns sang "A man's a man for a' that!" "Munn ist Mann," echoed Brecht. "Constant labor of one uniform kind," wrote Karl Marx, "destroys the intensity and flow of a man's animal spirits." The U.N. Charter speaks of the scourge of war, which "has brought untold sorrow to mankind." It is pathetically easy to spy in

this vocabulary a latent slavery, a cloaked prejudice aimed at further subjugating women in the name of language.

No wonder, then, that the movement has set out to change the dictionary. With a touching, almost mystical trust in words, it seems to believe that definition is a matter of will. And indeed sometimes it is. The change from Negro to black has helped to remake a people's view of itself. But it is a lone example. Far more often, words have been corrupted by change. The counterculture's overuse of "love" has not resulted in a lessening of hostilities; "heavy" has become a lightweight adjective. The abuse of the word media has resulted in a breakdown of intelligence; invitations have even been sent out to "Dear media person." For the most part, the new lexicographers behave like Humpty Dumpty in *Through the Looking Glass*: a word may mean whatever they want it to mean. Naturally, said Humpty, "when I make a word do a lot of work, I always pay it extra." One wonders what Women's Lib's new words will be paid. They are, after all, working overtime, and against immense cultural and sociological odds.

In the philosophy of semantics there is a standard rhetorical question: Is it progress if a cannibal eats with a knife and fork? Similarly, if society is sexist, is it altered when its lan-



"Tell me, Sara, why does your young man keep calling your mother 'man'?"

guage is revised? Or do its attitudes remain when its platitudes change? The prognosis is not good. Words, like all currency, need to be reinforced with values. Take away the Federal Reserve and its dollar bill is waste paper. Take away meaning and a word is only noise. Changing chairman to chairperson is mock doctrine and flaccid democracy, altering neither the audience nor, in fact, the office holder. Despite its suffix, chairman is no more sexist than the French designation of "boat" as masculine, or the English custom of referring to a ship with feminine pronouns. Chairman is a role, not a pejorative. Congressman is an office, not a chauvinist plot. Mankind is a term for all humanity, not some 49% of it. The feminist attack on social crimes may be as legitimate as it was inevitable. But the attack on words is only another social crime—one against the means and the hope of communication.

For *A Clockwork Orange*, Anthony Burgess created a wall-to-wall nightmare in which society dissolves into violence and repression. The condition is reflected in the breakdown of language into "nadsat," a jumble of portmanteau constructions ("He looked a malenky bit poogly when he viddied the four of us"). To Burgess, language is the breath of civilization. Cut it short and society suffocates. That is an insight worth pondering. For if the world is to resist the nadsat future, readers and writers of both sexes must resist onefully any meaningless neologisms. To do less is to encourage another manifestation of prejudice—against reason, meaning and eventually personkind itself.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.

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20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUGUST '72.

THE THEATER

Noël! Noël!

OH COWARD!

No taint of reality sullies Noel Coward. In his plays and musicals, no man toils, no woman spins and no child is seen, let alone heard. There are no families, only menages of bright, brittle and bizarre people for whom life is one long marvelous party. His is a hermetic world sealed against headlines, problems and pain, and most of all against boredom, which to Coward is the eighth deadly sin.

The stage is the only Eden that Coward knows about or cares about, and for half a century he has communicated his blissful delight with it. And that's



COOK & CASON IN "OH COWARD!"
Master of the pause.

what this new revue-styled evening of songs and patter off Broadway is—a blissful delight. There is the familiar and engaging Coward of *Mud Dogs and Englishmen*, *I'll See You Again*, *Someday I'll Find You* and *I'll Follow My Secret Heart*. These songs seem always to have existed, yet their sentiments are fresh as first love. The show also contains less familiar Coward, like *Nina*, a balky girl from Argentina who absolutely refused to "begin the beguine," and cursed people who "besought her to." She cursed Cole Porter too. In *A Bar on the Piccola Marina* we meet the playful widow, Mrs. Wentworth Brewster, who was delighted when some young Italian sailors goosed her. And so it goes, all of it faintly scandalous, terribly urbane, romantic, fantastic and with a great to-do about not making a great to-do about sex.

Coward is a word wizard, but his subtlest gift is inflection, and he was master of the pause before Pinter was

born. This sometimes defeats actors, but not the impeccably polished trio in this show. Roderick Cook, who devised and directed this production, has just the right air of bemused fatigue. He and his companions, Barbara Cason and Jamie Ross, sing and deliver their lines with sly, artful perfection. They help to make *Oh Coward!* the most marvelous party in town. ■T.E. Kalem

Trash Basket

DUDE

Music by GALT MacDERMOT

Book and Lyrics by GEROME RAGNI

In a recent address to his freshman class entitled "The Decade of Short Cuts," Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. cited three ways in which some students of the last decade sought to find exhilaration and inject zeal into undergraduate life. One was the demand for "relevance," another was the glorification of the "happening" ("anything was good as long as it expressed the real, now self"), and the third was "trashing," an ugly resort to violence. Brewster concluded that despite a residue of change, some of it beneficial, these "patent medicines" bred disillusionment and fostered a cult of unreason. Such attitudes left no room for a university's proper, enduring concern with truth and beauty as embodied in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. The end result, argued Brewster, was "a yearning for structure, a sense of the emptiness which is left even after a full menu of disorganized experience in the raw."

The American theater's decade of short cuts has been uncannily similar. There have been scads of "relevance" plays about Viet Nam, racial injustice, middle-class hypocrisy, and identity crises—all without the residue of a single durable work of dramatic art, which is the theater's proper long-term concern. The "happening" became a proliferating desire for instant sensation. "Participation" was extorted from the audience, often with arrogant ill grace. Obscene words were flung at playgoers to the point of shock fatigue, and nudity was flaunted. As for trashing, the classics were vandalized and literacy, craft, formal structure and verbal text violently abused.

This theatrical decade of short cuts is perfectly epitomized by *Dude*, a bulging trash basket of a musical, and an open declaration of total aesthetic bankruptcy. It combines the worst of *Hair* with the worst of *Jesus Christ Superstar*—a void-plumbing feat. *Dude* unravels a numbingly incomprehensible allegory ranging from the dawn of creation to the limbo of suburbia, or something like that. Galt MacDermot's rock score is a wall of inchoate sound, and Tom O'Horgan stage-manages this debacle like a mass epileptic convulsion. This time around, more is being buried than the \$700,000 production cost, and taps will not be sounded. ■T.E.K.

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20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUGUST '72.



ROCKETTES LINED UP FOR MUSIC HALL'S FAMOUS EASTER SHOW (1971)

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Tune-Out for Radio City?

Radio City Music Hall is New York's answer to the Grand Canyon. Everything about it is superlative, including its attraction for tourists, especially at Easter and Christmas. It is the biggest indoor theater in the world, with 6,000 seats, a mammoth 70 ft. by 35 ft. movie screen, and a stage almost big enough for a football game. When the giant organ bellows *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, dogs, it is claimed, begin howling in Paramus, N.J. For 40 years through wars, depressions and even a strike of its 46 Rockettes, the Music Hall has never closed its doors. Last week, however, because of a dispute with its musicians, the theater was dark for two days. Even though it reopened, rumors abounded that there was still trouble ahead.

The Music Hall's problem is, of course, economic. The stage show is perhaps the best entertainment bargain in town; for as little as \$2, a patron has been able to see low-kitsch ballet, precision numbers by the Rockettes, a magic show, an occasional elephant, horses and giant fountain displays. While Rockefeller Center, which owns the theater, is now giving it a \$1,000,000 annual subsidy, the money does not make up for a marked drop in attendance over the last two decades. In its peak years in the '40s, the Music Hall attracted 12 million visitors a year, a number which had fallen off to 5,000,000 by 1969 and is now down to 4,000,000. Though the lines outside the box office can still stretch as far as three-quarters of a mile during holidays, week days and nights find the cavernous hall only 10% filled.

No Strike. Though there was not an actual strike last week, management abruptly closed the hall after the musicians' union refused to accept its contract offer. Salaries were a secondary issue. What the musicians objected to was management's cost-cutting plan to get by, when members were away or sick, with a smaller orchestra. Mayor John Lindsay, distressed at the possibility of losing one of the city's biggest tourist attractions, called both sides to meet with him, and the hall reopened.

Though the management firmly denies it, it seems possible that after the Christmas rush, there may be major changes at the hall, perhaps even a subdivision of the '30s Art Deco auditorium into smaller theaters. Barring that, there might have to be a revision in programs. "The kind of family-oriented films we are dedicated to playing are becoming more difficult to find," explains the Music Hall's President Jack Gould. To a generation raised on relatively sophisticated TV variety shows, the dance routines seem simply cornball. Admitted a dancer last week: "Some of the things we have to do are so old-fashioned that we can hear the audience laughing at us." The Bob Hope movie last week was perhaps prophetic. Title: *Cancel My Reservation*.

Mellowed Bergman

Ingmar Bergman is no longer making films about God and the devil, or expressionistic jousts between man and the unknown. A new Bergman movie is apt to seem more like a simple cry for human understanding. Mellowed than he used to be, Bergman at the same time is perhaps even more prolific, and within the next few months his new concern with people will be seen not only

in a new film, but on the stage, on television and in print.

This week *The New Yorker* is publishing the 12,000-word scenario written by Bergman for his latest movie, *Whispering and Cries*, which will be released in the U.S. in a month or so. "It reads like a long piece of fiction," says Editor William Shawn. "It has all his different kinds of images, understanding of people, psychology, and seriousness." The scenario began as a picture in the director's head—"four women with white dresses in a red room"—and over a year or so it slowly developed into a convoluted story of three sisters and their servant girl living in an isolated 19th century manor house.

Don't Ask Why. Liv Ullmann plays the selfish and sensual youngest sister and Ingrid Thulin the oldest, who has imprisoned her feelings in walls of ice. Harriet Andersson is the sister who dies of cancer, quite visibly and painfully on the screen. Not only are the interiors of all the rooms red, but whole scenes are periodically suffused in crimson hues. "Don't ask me why it's to be that way, because I can't tell you," Bergman writes in his screenplay. "The bluntest and also most tenable [explanation] is probably that the whole thing is internal, and ever since childhood I have imagined the soul to be a damp membrane in varying shades of red."

The different shades of red may also stand for the psychological subtleties of women, which Bergman likes to explore with loving but clinical precision. He tended to sentimentalize and romanticize women, he says, until he became close to his mother in the months before her death two years ago. Only through intimate talks with her did he learn that she had been smothered in her role as the wife of a Lutheran minister. He also came to understand "the division of sex roles in the middle-class home—the woman's martyrdom, the man's authority. This pattern of sweeping things under the rug, never quarreling, never talking

PHOTOGRAPHS



BERGMAN & ACTRESS LIV ULLMANN BETWEEN TAKES OF TELEVISION SERIES
A simple cry and a damp membrane in varying shades of red.

When you're buying a home, let the windows do the talking.



They can tell you a lot. The quality of the windows is a clue to the quality of everything in the house. They can tell you whether the house was built up to a standard or down to a price, whether it's value for money, whether it will be an easy, economical house to own.

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First step is to send for our free, illustrated, 24-page booklet "How to get good windows." It can tell you a lot. Mail to: Andersen Corporation, Bayport, Minnesota 55003.

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Economy, year after year.

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about how things really are, the lighter the burden will be.

IBM. Not just data, reality.

Authentic.



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Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

**Dewar's
never
varies.**



The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

things out, smothering unpleasantness."

His new explorations of middle-class marriage will be shown on both Swedish and American television. Next month (his *Playhouse 90* will tape *The Lie*, a 14-hour Bergman script about the emotions that seethe under the surface of domestic amenities; and Swedish TV next spring will show his most ambitious project so far in terms of length, a six-part series entitled *Scenes Out of a Marriage*. Starring Ullmann, the series un-masks a seemingly perfect marriage. "The theme is how the bourgeois ideology of 'security' corrupts people's emotional lives," says Bergman. "It's a sort of he-and-she dialogue."

Dialogues. At 54, Bergman has had a lot of experience with such dialogues in several long-term relationships, including one with Ullmann, by whom he had a daughter, Linn, now six. He has also been married five times. A year ago, he took his present wife from just the sort of secure household he depicts. When she went to live with Bergman, she was the Countess Ingrid von Rosen, wife of the foster son of Sweden's Prince Carl and the mother of four teen-age children. "He made me feel that I was important," says Ingrid, 41, explaining why she left her husband for Bergman. "He listened to me. He gave me a feeling that what I said mattered. I grew within myself."

Following the taping of the TV series, which has just been completed, Bergman will turn to directing Strindberg's *Ghost Sonata* for Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theater. "Moviemaking is my lover," he says, "but I am married to the theater." Bergman's timetable seldom varies: he writes a new screenplay each spring, films it in the fall, directs in the theater in the winter. The only variation in his schedule this winter may be a quick incognito trip to New York—his first—to see Hal Prince's Broadway musical *A Little Night Music*, which will be an adaptation of Bergman's film comedy, *Smiles of a Summer Night*.

Disliking travel, unfamiliar faces, drinking, smoking, and big parties, Bergman has set up his house and studio on the desolate, windswept Baltic island of Fårö, one of the most remote spots in Europe. Despite the three-hour trip from Stockholm—made in stages by plane, boat and car—and chilly, primitive working conditions, his "family," usually the same group of six or so fine actors and technicians, loves to work with him. Part of the reason is that these days, as he himself jokingly admits, he can be regarded as "a downright nice guy." Once famous for his violent, chair-throwing temper, Bergman says, "it has slowly but surely dawned on me that everything functions just as well without outbursts of fury." He has lost none of his passion for his work despite having made 33 movies since he began filming in 1945. "I'm still just as hungry for it," he says. "I wake up with the same excitement every day."

Viewpoints

THE NEW BILL COSBY SHOW. CBS. Monday, 10-11 p.m. E.D.T.

This show is fast becoming one of TV's best variety spots. Cosby, who tells stories rather than jokes, is funny half the time and terrible half the time. He seems to have no middle ground, but the good half generally makes you forget the bad. Guest comedians, such as Peter Sellers and Lily Tomlin, together with a regular like Foster Brooks, provide a happy balance to



SONNY & CHER AS ANDY & RAGGEDY ANN



JULIE ANDREWS IN HER NEW TV SHOW
Mired in goo.

his sometimes overly understated style.

Like Flip Wilson on NBC, Cosby uses his hour as a showcase for black talent, with some of the best singers and dancers on the tube or anywhere else. They shoot out 1,000 watts every time they snap their fingers—and very nearly short-circuit the tube with electrical overload.

THE SONNY & CHER COMEDY HOUR. CBS. Friday, 8-9 p.m. E.D.T.

This is the series for middle-class swingers on a budget. Now in its second season—but at an earlier hour so

the kids can swing too—the show spotlights the uneven talents of the Bonos, husband and wife. With songs halfway between rock and pop, a kind of demirock, and costumes copied from Elvis Presley, the show is TV's idea of hip. Accepting that bias on the part of the producers, the songs are not bad, however, and Cher is one of the best stylists around.

The trouble comes with the comedy, which consists mostly of Cher putting down Sonny, a one-shot joke at best, in skits that would be rejected by any self-respecting high school drama coach. "Sonny, I shouldn't have done this sketch. I think I hurt myself." Guest Tony Curtis says after one such embarrassment, "What, your back?" asks Sonny. "Nope, my reputation." The only funny thing was that he was right.

THE JULIE ANDREWS HOUR. ABC. Wednesday, 10-11 p.m. E.D.T.

On doctor's orders, this show is forbidden to anyone who suffers from too much sug-



COMEDIAN FOSTER BROOKS WITH BILL COSBY

ar. After a fairly sprightly opening, the "Julie Andrews Nostalgia Hour," as the series should be named, has become so mired in goo—a mixture of honey, corn syrup and Grandma's Geritol—that even the star seems unable to move.

Most of the hour is a tired exhumation of the past—mostly Julie's—but don't expect songs from *The Boy Friend*, *My Fair Lady*, *Camelot* and *Mary Poppins* to sound as good as new. The dialogue is drab. "You know something, Julie, I've missed you," says Robert Goulet, her co-star in *Camelot*. It is hard to believe that this is the same sweet-and-sour Andrews of *The Americanization of Emily*, her best picture—when all you see is Lawrence Welk with nicer legs.

• Gerald Clarke

RELIGION

A Brisker Status Quo

Last July, when Joseph Fielding Smith died at the age of 95, command of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints passed to a relative youngster. The new president, Harold Bingham Lee, was only 73—the youngest man to assume the mantle of "prophet, seer and revelator" for the Mormons since 1918. (Smith took office at 93.) Since his accession, both outsiders and members have wondered just how much innovation Harold Lee would bring to the rich, rapidly growing but still monolithic Mormon Church.

This month Mormons from round the world gathered in Salt Lake City for their semiannual general conference, filling hotels and homes, jamming Temple Square—a clean-cut, well-dressed crowd, heavy with zealous young. In a vote that was never in doubt, they "sustained" Prophet Lee in his selection. There was talk of expansion, modernization, more efficient administration, but little talk of change. "Lee is the man of the hour," said Apostle Gordon Hinckley, 62, one of his closest associates. "But instead of saying he will innovate, I would say he will change the way of implementing those principles that have been with us from the earliest days of the church."

An Idaho grade school principal at the age of 17 and a onetime city commissioner in Salt Lake City, Lee has spent most of his adult life in the Mor-

mon bureaucracy. Lately he has represented the church's interests as a member of the board of such companies as the Union Pacific Railroad. By all accounts a skillful administrator, he began streamlining various Mormon enterprises as first counselor during the brief rule of Joseph Fielding Smith. Says an associate: "Lee has a genius for organization. The church runs like a great beautiful computer, clicking away. Everything is in its place." Some of Smith's achievements and problems:

GROWTH AND EVANGELISM. With 16,000 young missionaries at work in the U.S. and abroad, the Church of Latter-day Saints remains one of the most aggressively evangelistic in the world. All young men and women are expected to put in two years as missionaries, mostly at their own expense—a requirement that has paid off handsomely. The church has grown by 50% in the U.S. over the past twelve years to a total of 2,000,000 members, and by 250% outside the U.S., bringing its foreign membership to 1,000,000. Missions have been especially successful in Mexico, South America and the South Pacific.

Lee is likely to emphasize further the international character of Mormonism. He has already held a conference in Mexico City and made handshaking hops to England, Israel and Greece, reassuring government officials that visiting Mormons will stay out of politics. Says Dean Sterling McMurrin of the University of Utah's graduate school:



PROPHET LEE VOTING AT CONFERENCE
Everything in its place.

"Lee has caught the vision of Mormonism as a worldwide movement. He is trying to break through the bonds of provincialism into universalism."

WELFARE AND FINANCES. Just last month the Mormons released for the first time data on their huge welfare expenditures to their needy members: more than \$17.7 million in 1971. About \$8,000,000 was raised by their monthly fast days, after which they turn over the price of missed meals to their poor. Despising doles, the Mormons insist that welfare recipients, even in their 70s and 80s, earn their checks by working on farms, in canneries, or in other welfare industries. It was the recent threat

Yes, It's Big—But Is It Beautiful?

JAPAN'S militant Nichiren Shoshu sect of Buddhism, better known as Soka Gakkai (the Value Creation Society), is a phenomenally successful blend of 13th century Buddhist theology and 20th century power-of-posi-

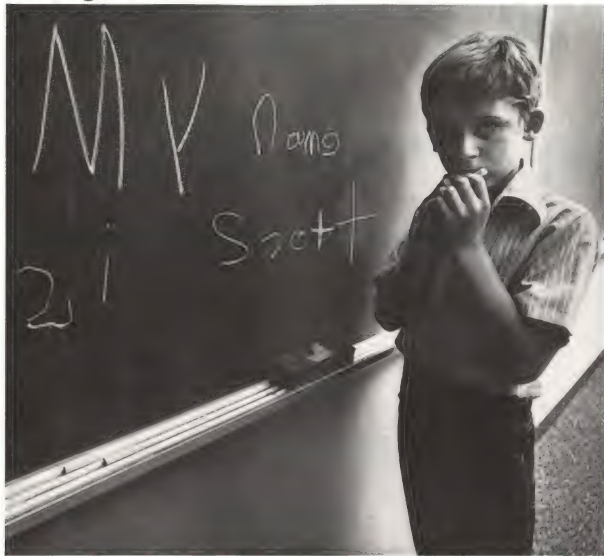
tive-thinking. Scarcely 3,000 strong in 1945, the sect numbers 8,000,000 members today, including at least 100,000 in the U.S. It was the founding force and remains the sustaining power behind Japan's third largest political

party, the Komeito (Clean Government) Party. Its formula for success, both personal and collective, is simple: the relentless chanting of a brief ritual prayer before replicas of the sect's treasured Dai-Gohonzon, a camphor-wood tablet inscribed with mystic symbols by a 13th century monk named Nichiren.

When it came to building a suitable new shrine for Nichiren's sacred tablet, the Soka Gakkai devotees decided to proceed in typical grandiose style. In a four-day fund-raising blitz in 1965, they collected more than \$100 million for the project. This week, at the sect's headquarters on the lower slopes of Mount Fuji, followers are concluding seven days of ceremonies to celebrate the opening of the new High Sanctuary, a mammoth ten-acre complex including a plaza that can accommodate 60,000 worshippers. The steel, aluminum and concrete structure, embellished with rare marble inside, drew fire from some disconcerted critics, who think it spoils the austere prospect of Fuji. But the critics can scarcely wish it away. The shrine is built to withstand the strongest earthquakes, and Architect Kimio Yokoyama placidly expects it to be good for at least 2,000 years.



Scott isn't stupid. But it took a smart teacher to recognize it.



What's wrong with Scott is what's wrong with at least one kid in almost every classroom.

Scott has a learning disability. A perceptual problem.

When he writes, the letters are mostly illegible shapes. When he does his arithmetic, the answers are usually incorrect.

If you wanted to guess how many kids have ever had a problem similar to Scott's, you could start by counting many of the kids who've dropped out of school.

The sad part is this:

You can correct the problem

if you spot it soon enough. Before a child has failed and been frustrated and lost his self-confidence.

So in 1969, Metropolitan Life began showing teachers and parents how to spot early signs of physical disorders that can interfere with a child's learning.

We produced a film called "Looking at Children," and a companion booklet. Very often, they're the first time a child's teachers or parents ever see "backwardness" as a disability that many times can be corrected.

We'll send the film to your

community or school group.

Write "Children," Metropolitan Life, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

You may have to wait, even with hundreds of prints of the film in constant circulation.

But the wait is worth it.

To keep a child's learning disability from becoming a life-long handicap.



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We sell life insurance.
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The cars: a new '73 Marquis vs. a new '72 Marquis like the one that beat a Mercedes limousine last year.



The jury: 50 professional chauffeurs, blindfolded for objectivity, compared the two Mercurys for ride.



The ride of the new '73 Mercury is improved by steel belted radials, now standard, and new refined suspension.



The results were close but a majority rated the new '73 Mercury ride superior to the great ride of our '72.



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1973 Mercury Marquis. The ride that beat the ride that beat the \$34,000 Mercedes limousine.



The Marquis Brougham is shown above with optional interior, white sidewall tires, and cornering lights.

Built better to ride better

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Their cigarette holder.

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**It works like a
cigarette holder
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '72

Homecoming

When Choreographer George Balanchine returns to his homeland, it is partly an occasion for renewing old acquaintances, but mostly for acquainting old friends with his new works. Ten years ago, in his only previous visit to the U.S.S.R. in half a century, Balanchine and the members of his New York City Ballet went shock waves of excitement through the Soviet dance world. Now they were back for a five-week tour of Kiev, Leningrad, Tbilisi, Moscow, Lodz and Warsaw. Everywhere the S.R.O. sign was out.

As expected, Balanchine made virtually no concessions to accepted Russian dance taste, which has been shaped by the 19th century-oriented Bolshoi and Kirov companies. Indeed, he offered some of the company's most abstract works, like his *Violin Concerto* (set to Stravinsky) and Jerome Robbins' *Goldberg Variations* (Bach), dances that eschew décor, spectacle and story line in favor of balanced and unbalanced compositions that are mod, sexy and athletic. The results were varied. The Georgians in their sunny Italianate capital, Tbilisi, responded more enthusiastically to those works than balletgoers in Kiev and Leningrad. But more traditional Balanchine ballets like *Symphony in C* (Bizet) caught on at every stop. Balanchine's *Who Cares?* (Gershwin) was a steady crowd pleaser, though in Tbilisi and Moscow a stomach bug swept the company's ranks, forced last-minute cast changes, and prompted one dancer to dub the work *Who's Left?*

Even the ragged corps work did not bother the Tbilisians, who were out to welcome their second most famous native son (after Stalin). Though born in Leningrad (in 1904), Balanchine comes from Georgian stock. Among those on hand to greet him was his brother Andrei Balanchivadze, 66, a prominent if

somewhat outdated composer, a three-year-old grandnephew, also named Andrei, and scores of other Georgians claiming kinship and free tickets.

Back in Moscow at week's end, an exuberant Balanchine was discussing the Bolshoi's request that he "give" them several of his ballets, most especially *Symphony in C*. That would mean, among other things, his returning in the near future to polish the productions himself. "Maybe when Nixon and Brezhnev next meet, they should discuss my coming back," he said with obvious relish and a great flourish of a glass of Mukuzani wine.

Bing Remembers

"I am supposed to ask tactless questions," said the ship reporter on a chilly morning in November 1949.

"Ah yes, and I am supposed to give evasive answers," replied the thin, aristocratic-looking man with a Viennese accent.

With that, Rudolf Bing, general manager-designate of the Metropolitan Opera, strode off the Queen Elizabeth and into operatic history. The remarkable thing about Bing during the two decades that followed was that he rarely gave evasive answers—at least to the press. "Reporters found me what is called good copy," he recalls. He never evaded a fight either—whether with prima donnas or temperamental conductors. When last winter, during his final season at the Met, it was announced that he had written his memoirs, the general reaction was "of course" Bing liked to have the last word, and with that career and acerbic personality, why not?

The result, *5,000 Nights at the Opera* (Doubleday: \$10), is a good book that should have been better. Indulging in the perennial prerogative of the autobiographer, Bing opts mostly for one side of the story—his. He says nothing of his glaring failure to bring Soprano Beverly Sills to the Met, for example, but grows highly petulant because she and the New York City Opera scheduled Donizetti's Tudor trilogy (*Maria Stuarda*, *Anna Bolena*, *Roberto Devereux*) at the same time he was planning it at the Met for the Spanish prima donna Montserrat Caballé. "We finally accepted the fact that Beverly Sills of the City Opera, having been born in Brooklyn, was entitled to priority in the portrayal of British royalty," Bing bitchily recalls.

However tart his tongue and whatever his shortcomings, Bing unquestionably saved the Met itself from



SIR RUDOLF BING AT THE MET
Having the last word.

near-collapse. What he found in 1950 "was much worse than I had expected, in every way," says Bing. By the time he was through, he had set a managerial record virtually unparalleled in opera annals. He boosted ticket sales to 97% of capacity (before they dropped to 85% in the last four years), came up with new productions of 80 operas, put the company on a year-round basis, and found it a badly needed new home in Lincoln Center.

All this was in spite of various glaring differences with his board of directors, whom Bing does not spare in his book. Of George Moore, for example, Met president and former board chairman of the Manhattan-based First National City Bank, Bing writes: "Moore could not believe there is a basic, unbridgeable difference between a theater and a bank or a rug factory." But, as Bing readily concedes, Moore time and again came up with money the Met badly needed.

Nor could Bing get on with union negotiators. "There is no question that my style and personality are not right for the American labor movement. They don't feel comfortable with me, and to tell the truth, I don't feel comfortable with them." Once during a tense session with the stagehands, Bing leaned forward over the table and said, "I'm awfully sorry, I didn't get that. Would you mind screaming it again?"

Bing made it a point not to appear personally friendly with the artists who worked for him. He did yearn, though, to be on better terms with Conductor Herbert von Karajan. Bing brought Karajan to the Met in 1967 to stage Wagner's *Ring* cycle, and found him "unquestionably the outstanding artistic phenomenon of my later years at the Metropolitan." Friendship with Kara-



BALANCHINE & BROTHER ANDREI
Planning to return.

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

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I will pay \$12 a month.

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Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

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MUSIC & DANCE

jan Bing could not manage. "You offer him a cigarette, he says he doesn't smoke," says Bing. "You offer him a drink, he doesn't drink. Let's have lunch; he never has lunch." Dissatisfied with rehearsal conditions, Karajan would not tell Bing directly, but would have his New York manager write Bing a letter. "It is hard to develop any great feelings of warmth when collaborative work is done on that basis," Bing was not always too helpful himself. Once, after a typically murky performance of Wagner in Vienna, Karajan boasted that it was the result of eight lighting rehearsals. Replied Bing: "I could have got it that dark with one."

Nasty Man. As for the other conductors who worked for him, Bing has a quick quip for all. Stokowski? "He went around the house correcting the way people pronounced each other's names." Reiner? "Not among the naturally light-at-heart." Bernstein? "He wanted us to do *Cav* after *Pae*, to give him the final curtain." Szell? "He was a nasty man, God rest his soul. I remember somebody once said to me, 'George Szell is his own worst enemy.' I said, 'Not while I am alive.'"

Bing responded to singers in emotional and hard-to-predict ways. In *5,000 Nights*, he forgives Tenor Franco Corelli his rages and frequent last-minute cancellations because he is "the incarnation of opera." But the late Jussi Björling, who sang with a lyric grace beyond Corelli's comprehension but who annoyed Bing by his grudging attitude toward rehearsals, is not forgiven his sins—"a very irresponsible artist."

Despite his tiffs with Maria Callas (he fired her in 1959, re-engaged her in 1965 for two *Toscas*), Bing regards her Met debut in 1956 in *Norma* as "the most exciting of all such in my time at the Metropolitan." Bing also recalls Callas' husband and manager Battista Meneghini, who insisted on being paid in cash before the curtain rose every night. Callas' fee then was \$1,000. "Toward the end," recalled Bing, "I had him paid in five-dollar bills, to make a wad uncomfortably large for him to carry."

All these years Bing and his Russian wife Nina, a former ballerina, have lived in the Essex House on fashionable Central Park South. Although, he says, "I did not live in New York, really; I lived at the opera house. Sunday, when the house was dark, I usually stayed in bed." Now 70 and still a British subject (knighthood by the Queen in 1970), he plans to stay on in New York for the time being as "Distinguished Professor" at Brooklyn College (salary \$36,275; at the Met he earned \$100,000), giving two courses in opera management. At the last board meeting of the Met, Bing mentioned that the college had an open admission policy and invited the directors to come and learn what they could. "I don't think that went down too well. That's my subtle way of making friends," he says.

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"I've never performed on a better tire."

Stunt driver, Carey Loftin, put Shell's new Steel Belted Tires through every driving test he could dream up. Here's what he said about them.

*A report from
Carey Loftin.*

SHELL: Tires are very important to a stunt driver, aren't they?

LOFTIN: Yes they are. You have to depend on your tires, first; engine, the rest of the car, second.

SHELL: You just tested Shell's new Steel Belted Tires. In general, what do you think about them?

LOFTIN: Well, I felt very secure, very safe at all times, no matter what I did. I never had one fear of failure at all.

SHELL: At one point you drove over some wet pavement, what about the skid resistance?

LOFTIN: It seemed very good and very equal and very little sway whatsoever. I was really amazed that I could hold the car as straight as I did.

SHELL: You also did some quick stops from 80 miles an hour on this wet stretch of track. How did the tires react?

LOFTIN: They all seemed to

react the same. I thought I would be real busy correcting, trying to hold the car straight. But, with very little correction, I was able to stop practically in a straight line.

SHELL: What about on the slopes and the curves, did you notice much roll-over or squirming on the part of the tires?

LOFTIN: No, they didn't. They felt the same all the time. The tires, the steering geometry never seemed to change at all.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any relatives?

LOFTIN: Yes, I do.

SHELL: Would you recommend Shell's new Steel Belted Tires to her or him?

LOFTIN: To any of them I would. I have three sisters and a brother and I would recommend them to anyone. I think they are amply

safe for the even better than average driver, not even the average driver, above average. I would say that you are amply safe with the Shell tires.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any other comments you would like to add to this at all?

LOFTIN: Not specifically. I can only say in general, I've never performed on a better tire. It seemed to hold its shape and stand up. So, in general it is one of the best tires I've ever driven on.

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THE ECONOMY

SPENDING

Buyers Lead, Bosses Lag

EARLY in the economic recovery, consumers and businessmen both displayed a mood of great caution. Consumers saved money at near-record rates, and corporate executives continued or even intensified penny-pinching programs to reduce costs. Today the more important of these groups has come around to all-out optimism: consumers have gone on a spending spree and are plunging into debt at the fastest pace ever to finance it. They have caught up with the bullish projections of economists, while businessmen are still lagging a bit behind.

Consumer spending has been moving up all year. Personal-consumption expenditures rose \$15 billion or more in each of the first three quarters of 1972, to a third-quarter annual rate estimated at close to \$730 billion; the increases have been half again as great as the rises in 1971. Lately buying has become even more aggressive. "It's almost as if Aug. 1 was a magic date—sales have picked up so well since," says John Brunelle, vice president of San Francisco-based I. Magnin department stores. Alvin Ferst, vice president of Rich's in Atlanta, agrees: "I cannot lay my finger on a concrete reason, but there has been a general resurgence of spending."

Merry Christmas. The increase is spread over many lines of merchandise. Sears, Roebuck sales nationally are running more than 8% ahead of a year ago but Sears managers cannot pick out any special items as being responsible for most of the gain. "The consumer seems to be spending across the board, and that is when you can count on a good Christmas," says Philip Hawley, president of Broadway-Hale Stores, which owns Bergdorf Goodman's in Manhattan, the six Neiman-Marcus outlets, and 52 stores in California. Many retailers estimate that Christmas sales will run 8% to 10% ahead of last year. Some store managers seem to think that they can sell almost anything.

One sign of the general air of affluence Neiman-Marcus, avid to appear as the champion of the most conspicuous consumption imaginable, includes in its Christmas catalogue an offering extraordinary even by its standards. It will sell plaster dummies priced at \$3,000 each, with a limit of two to a customer; the buyer must lie down for half an hour while a complete plaster mold is made of his face and body, and store men record him laughing and saying yes (or crying and saying no) on a tape that is inserted into the dummy. What consumers can do with the dum-

mies after all that bother, the Neiman-Marcus nabobs do not say; one wagish suggestion is that a wife could take a dummy of her husband to a party, while the flesh-and-blood husband stayed home watching TV, and few if any guests would notice.

To bankroll their spending, consumers have dipped into their savings. The savings rate dropped from a peak of 8.6% of personal income in the second quarter of 1971 to just over 6% in the third quarter this year, though bankers now sense that it is starting to rise again. An unprecedented amount of consumer buying is on the cuff. Consumer credit went up more than \$1 billion in each of the last six months tabulated; the rise in August, the latest month reported, tied May's record \$1.4 billion. The Bank of America reports its BankAmericard volume running an extra-high 35% ahead of a year ago. The willingness of consumers to go into debt is perhaps the strongest of all indications of their new confidence.

Businessmen have much more than the consumer surge to cheer about. They recognize that the dollar is rallying on world money markets, that U.S. productivity is rising, and that labor seems less militant than it was some months ago. Such long-troubled industries as machine tools and farm equipment are rebounding. "It is getting harder and harder for businessmen to cry," says Walter Wriston, chairman of New York's First National City Bank. "A lot of them cried early that the results of



WALTER WRISTON
A hidden reserve asset.

DAVID GROVE

the anti-inflation program were not good. They worried about profits; they worried about consumer demand. Now they cannot look at the third-quarter sales and profit reports without beginning to believe the numbers." Harvard's Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, estimates that third-quarter profits after taxes rose about 17% above the 1971 period.

Still, corporate executives are not quite as ebullient as consumers are. Both William May, chairman of American Can, and F. Perry Wilson, chairman of Union Carbide, describe the business mood as no more cheery than "cautious optimism." Executive after executive queried by TIME concedes that business is indeed improving, but goes on to discourse anxiously about potential trouble spots: ballooning federal deficits, continuing inflationary pressure, rising interest rates, the gap between U.S. imports and exports. Few



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SOMETHING ELSE in sound on wheels

THE ECONOMY

businessmen will admit to increasing capital-spending budgets further or building up inventories faster than absolutely necessary to keep up with rising sales.

This very caution is a hidden reserve asset for the economy. When businessmen finally recognize that the recovery is for real, their orders and production will likely pick up even more smartly than now. David Grove, an IBM vice president and member of TIME's Board of Economists, speculates that a Viet Nam settlement might set off a surge in stockmarket prices and businessmen's investment, especially for inventories, and a further rise in consumer spending. Each of those trends then would reinforce the others. "I think there are a lot of optimistic vapors around," Grove says. "All that it takes is a spark to ignite them."

PRICES

Inflation in the Raw

The people at the Stop & Shop supermarket chain felt that an explanation was necessary. So at each of their 158 stores in the Northeast, managers posted a sign:

IN SPITE OF ALL WE'RE DOING TO KEEP FOOD PRICES DOWN CERTAIN PRICE INCREASES YOU SEE IN FOOD STORES ARE INEVITABLE. IT'S SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR FOOD STORES TO ABSORB REPEATED WHOLESALE COST INCREASES FROM THE MANUFACTURERS WITHOUT REFLECTING SOME PART OF THESE INCREASES IN RETAIL PRICES.

Those discouraging words stand to acquire even more validity in the months ahead. Bureau of Labor Statistics figures for wholesale food prices, which eventually show up at store check-out counters, were up 7.6% in September over the same month last year. The news was worse concerning a bunch of unprocessed comestibles that the BLS calls "farm products," including fruits, vegetables, grains, poultry and

livestock up 16.4% over last year.

The rises for those raw agricultural products, on which there are no price controls down on the farm, contrast sharply with the increases for strictly controlled items. At the wholesale level, metals were up 2.4%, furniture 1.6% and chemicals one-tenth of 1%. Consumers now have to spend relatively more for food than for hard goods, so price controls have had the subtle effect of benefiting the agricultural sector of the economy at the expense of the industrial sector. Such disparities have led some disenchanted eaters, like AFL-CIO President George Meany, to think harder and speak up louder about putting controls on raw agricultural prices. Meany is irked that wage increases in the last year have been held well within the Administration's 5.5% guideline, while food prices have grown as high as an elephant's eye. Says he: "They're still playing around with this idea that they can just control wages, but have no food controls because the President has said food controls would require a big bureaucracy." It certainly would: Meany suggests that the Government engage 100,000 paid enforcers, if necessary, to police all price ceilings.

The Administration has another reason for keeping hands off farm product prices, and Marina von Neumann Whitman, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, is becoming the chief public defender of the policy. "If you prevent the market from attempting to fulfill supply and demand," she said recently, "then something is going to have to happen, like rationing." Food controls could keep prices so low that farmers would have little incentive to expand production to meet demand, so controls could lead to shortages and black markets. The words may sound convincing to housewives who remember World War II ration books, but in a month or two, when September wholesale food prices are translated into retail prices, the chances of severe shortages may seem more worth the risk of controls.

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MOTOROLA

SOMETHING ELSE
in sound on wheels



"Poor devils! Tell them we have a special on cake!"

SHIPBUILDING

A Blue-Water Building Boom

POLITICAL controversy has raged for months over the Nixon Administration's openhanded use of agricultural subsidies, and particularly over the subsidized wheat deal with the Soviets. But another huge increase in federal giveaways to a troubled—and politically powerful—industry has gone almost unnoticed. Government assistance to U.S. shipbuilders and ship operators, who run some of the world's least competitive businesses, rose from \$290 million in fiscal 1969 to more than \$500 million in the current fiscal year. Last week, while simultaneously trying to

keep afloat mainly by repair work and Navy orders. The result was bluntly described to TIME Correspondent Mark Sullivan by Maritime Administrator Robert J. Blackwell: "We are faced with a sorely depleted fleet."

Former Navy Lieut. Commander Nixon pledged last July "to restore the United States to the rank of a first-class maritime power." The key to that promise was the Administration-sponsored Merchant Marine Act of 1970, which commits the Government to construction of 300 new commercial vessels, including the nation's first 250,000-ton

pagne bottles will echo through shipyards from Bath, Me., to San Diego. Last month Commerce Department officials signed the two biggest commercial shipbuilding contracts in U.S. history. Both were for new types of ships called LNG tankers, which will carry huge quantities of liquefied natural gas from Algeria and perhaps Russia. One of the orders, for \$269 million, went to General Dynamics; the federal share, which is less for advanced-technology ships like LNGs than for other models, is \$64 million. The other order, for \$298 million (federal share: \$76 million) was bagged by Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., a subsidiary of Tenneco. Plenty more is on the way: only one-sixth of the 300 ships called for by 1980 in the maritime bill have actually been ordered.

Harpoons. Why all the federal interest in blue-water commerce? Administration officials contend that a strong, modern merchant marine is still a necessary defense asset. Says Maritime Administrator Blackwell: "We don't want trouble, but if we have trouble in the Middle East or Thailand, we'll need those ships again." The case for building a "bridge of ships" to foreign trouble spots is questionable at best; the number of troops ferried to Viet Nam by ship, for example, was negligible. Moreover, the lavish subsidies violate the Nixon Administration's free-trade philosophy, which generally holds that goods and services should be supplied to the world by the countries that can produce them most economically and efficiently. Shipbuilders contend that the federal assistance will eventually make U.S. firms competitive in selling some kinds of vessels, especially sophisticated, computer-run models like the LNG. Some kind of cost breakthrough is undoubtedly necessary to make U.S. products salable overseas, but no such hopes really exist for many of the less advanced ships that are now subsidized.

A few Democrats have shot verbal harpoons at the huge subsidies. Senator William Proxmire has said that the program is "mindless" and financially "out of control." Though the nation's tax money doubtless could be put to better uses, the majority of legislators from both parties have lined up behind the maritime program. The maritime lobby is one of Washington's strongest, giving generous political contributions and speakers' fees to legislators; it has also contributed to President Nixon's campaign. Unions and management work hand in glove to promote new shipbuilding projects, since leaders of both know full well that exorbitant wages and costs hurt the Government, not each other. Considering that cozy arrangement, it is hardly surprising that two of the most potent maritime unions have endorsed Nixon for re-election.



ARTIST'S DRAWING OF TANKER TO HAUL LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS
Record subsidy for some of the least competitive businesses.

make Congress slap a strict limit on federal spending as a whole. President Nixon successfully pressed for a \$175 million increase in this year's already record-setting subsidy for the maritime industries. The increase was passed for the maritime industries by the House; the Senate seemed sure to follow suit.

High costs have put the maritime industries at a low ebb. Not even American firms like to use U.S. flag ships, which are chronically prone to labor troubles. Union rules require those ships to carry crews that are both large and highly paid; labor costs run up to five times higher than those for foreign sailors. And because ships can be built more cheaply in Japan, Sweden, Norway, Poland, Spain—indeed, almost anywhere outside the U.S.—the nation has sunk to 14th in the ranks of shipbuilding countries. Since the huge construction rush in World War II, yards have been

supertankers—to be constructed by Bethlehem Steel and Seatrain Shipbuilding—and other classes of ships that previously were ineligible for subsidies. Builders are paid the difference between construction costs in the U.S. and abroad, which means that companies collect between a quarter and a half of the cost of new ships from the Government. Further, U.S. shipowners are paid "operating subsidies" to reimburse them partially for their crews' American-sized wages. Counting special tax deferrals and various ship-American laws that raise prices to the consumer, the Brookings Institution estimates, federal support for the maritime industries amounts to \$1 billion annually. The support averages out to \$6,000 for each of the 165,000 men who work building, operating or loading U.S. ships.

Now the sounds of shattering cham-



CUSTOMERS LINING UP TO REDEEM TRADING STAMPS IN MANHATTAN

RETAILING

A Sticky Time for Stamps

Minutes after opening, the E.F. MacDonald Plaidland redemption centers in Manhattan are thronged with customers anxious to exchange their thumb-worn books of trading stamps for flashy new merchandise. All day long, people queue up outside, the lines snaking back a block or more. Occasionally tempers flare and Pinkerton guards try to keep order. John Walker, a MacDonald executive brought in from Chicago to help with the crush, sighs: "I go up and down this line three times a day to tell people that we are not going to close." The run on redemption centers in New York City—and earlier in Chicago, St. Louis and other places—has occurred because the giant A. & P. chain has stopped giving out Plaid stamps. People who have lovingly saved stamps over months or even years for that new lamp, lawn mower or bicycle are worried that their hoards could become so much wastepaper.

MacDonald's difficulties are symptomatic of a marked decline in the popularity of all trading stamps. As supermarket prices continue to rise, followed closely by consumer ire, many grocery chains have switched to cut-rate pricing and reined back on stamp and game promotions. A. & P., Safeway and Bohack have scrapped stamps completely, while Acme, Jewel and Food Fair have dropped them in some areas. The Super Market Institute reports that more than half its membership was using stamps in 1966; today the figure is about 20%. Revenues of stamp companies have taken a pasting, dropping from close to \$1 billion four years ago to an estimated \$725 million this year.

At the biggest and oldest company, Sperry and Hutchinson (S&H Green

Stamps), revenues in the stamp division have fallen from \$368 million in 1969 to an estimated \$355 million for this year. The company's stock plunged from \$52 last January to \$26 last week. The loss of A. & P.'s business will cost MacDonald nearly \$20 million in revenues, or about half its trading-stamp volume. As its business shrinks, MacDonald is folding redemption centers round the country, including all but two of the 15 that it operated in Chicago. At Blue Chip, the biggest stamp marketer in California, revenues have dipped from a peak of \$126 million in 1970 to \$102 million last year. Many small regional stamp firms have been forced out of business.

Trading stamps, which were first brought out by S&H in 1896, have been through a number of up-and-down cycles. The stamp business flourishes during periods of stability, when prices and wages are in relative balance and shoppers are not overly cost conscious. Trading stamps were clobbered during the Depression, and all but disappeared during World War II rationing. They came back strongly in the 1950s with the rapid growth of supermarkets. From the mid-1960s on, the business has edged downhill, pushed by consumer complaints that stamps have added to food costs.

Irving Axelrod, chairman of the Trading Stamp Institute of America, a trade association, bravely predicts that stamps are on the verge of a "renaissance," noting that some smaller supermarket chains and even department stores are turning to them. Industry officials argue that the thinned-out number of stores using stamps will gain a potent merchandising advantage, compelling competitors to follow them. Then the whole game of giveaway promotions would move into another upward cycle—until the next decline.

BANKING

New President at Chase

Rumors of dissension in the board room, an exodus of top-level executives, and a decline in competitive vigor have rubbed some of the luster from David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank, the world's third largest. Last week Chairman Rockefeller made two related announcements. The bank's third-quarter earnings were down 10% from last year, to about \$35 million. More surprisingly, President Herbert P. Patterson, 47, had resigned after scarcely three years in the \$172,500-a-year job that he had reached after a 23-year career with Chase, his only employer. He was replaced by tough-minded Willard C. Butcher, 46, previously the vice chairman in charge of planning.

Butcher's promotion is an effort to bring fresh drive and decisiveness to Chase, which in recent years has been elbowed out of first place in deposits and earnings in New York City by First National City Bank. While Chase has emphasized services to corporations and other banks, "Citibank" has focused on the faster-growing international and retail business. To attract deposit and loan business from individuals and medium-sized companies, Citibank has generally done a better job than Chase in mortgage banking and other areas, like helping clients to arrange leases on almost anything from the biggest jetliner to the smallest auto.

Butcher, who joined the bank in 1947 after graduating *magna cum laude* from Brown, has much experience in areas where Chase could be stronger. He worked in retail banking as a branch manager and proved himself adept at foreign finance as chief of Chase's international division. Describing Butcher, Rockefeller used the words aggressive, decisive, dynamic, driving. The chairman himself likes to chart broad policy and leave day-to-day op-

TON WADDEN—THE NEW YORK TIMES



ROCKEFELLER (LEFT) WITH BUTCHER
Elbowed out of first place.

erations to other executives. Rockefeller, the bank's largest single shareholder, owns about 1% of Chase's stock, worth some \$17 million; last year he collected more than \$1,000,000 from Chase in salary, dividends and interest. Though he had high praise for his new right-hand man, Rockefeller, who looks younger than his 58 years, insisted that he would not be stepping down soon.

EAST-WEST TRADE

The New Marco Polos

Now that U.S. trade with the Soviet Union and most other Communist nations is running at the highest level since World War II, many well-known companies are getting into the act. Occidental Petroleum, Boeing, ITT, Tenneco, Texas Eastern Transmission and dozens of others. But there are smaller, independent toilers in Eastern vineyards who so far have remained relatively obscure. Sometimes acting as middlemen for big deals, sometimes hunting up products and processes to sell on their own, these new Marco Polos have perhaps done more to expand the frontiers of East-West trade than the emissaries of giant corporations. Familiar with the workings of Sojuzchimeksport, Stankoinport, and other mystifyingly complicated Soviet state enterprises, they have been putting together some of the most imaginative deals since William Henry Seward made Alaska a Russian export. Among them:

ROBERT ROSS has sold \$11 million worth of products from Communist countries in the U.S. since his first trip to Moscow in 1970. As head of East-Europe Import Export, Inc., based in Manhattan, he has another \$100 million worth of contracts under discussion. Acting mostly as a buyer, Ross represents 65 American firms in Russia and Eastern Europe. Meanwhile, he is sole sales agent in the U.S. for the Soviet auto and electronics industries and Ru-

manian auto and petroleum exports. This year he introduced a \$3,195 Jeep-like Rumanian vehicle into the U.S. He is talking with executives of Westinghouse and General Electric about distributing Soviet vacuum tubes in the U.S., and he plans to import 7,000,000 gallons of Rumanian gasoline in December. Most of his deals are financed by U.S. banks and the Government's Export-Import Bank. Because of the Communists' shortage of hard currency, Ross thinks that there is a better future in barter arrangements. He is trying to put together a swap between Scott Research, an American producer of automobile antipollution equipment, and the Rumanian auto industry, which must equip its U.S.-bound vehicles to meet 1975 emission standards.

DONALD WEBSTER, MICHAEL JOHNSON and **CHRISTOPHER STOWELL** are former U.S. trade officials who left the Nixon Administration last fall to form Webster, Johnson and Stowell, Inc., Washington-based brokers of trade deals between U.S. companies and Communist state-owned enterprises. The trio are negotiating a dozen industrial and heavy-construction projects in Eastern Europe, ranging in size from \$3,000,000 to \$40 million. U.S. firms, the names of which the partners refuse to disclose, would supply technology for the undertakings. Last week Stowell was in Moscow, trying to arrange the sale of U.S. petroleum-testing equipment to the Soviets and the construction of a bearing plant at the Kama River truck factory.

"We feel that we are in a good position to learn about which of the five-year projects in Eastern Europe has reached an economic or political bottleneck," says Johnson. "At that stage, we take the problem to U.S. firms."

CURTIS HAYWORTH, president of Manhattan's World Patent Development Corp., trades in technology. At first the firm specialized in acquiring rights to Eastern European technology and offering them to U.S. customers; for example, Hayworth is making available

to U.S. libraries a Czech method for preserving old books. "Then we started to know the Eastern Europeans, and they started to trust us," says Hayworth. "So now they come to us for U.S. technology." Czech pharmaceutical officials, to cite an instance, want to buy American machinery for making plastic pill bottles. World Patent intends to export to Eastern Europe an American technique for cutting textiles by computer. Hayworth is also trying to find an American firm to use a Hungarian process for making motor oil that he claims "can clean an engine in 15 minutes."

HENRY SHUR, a Washington patent lawyer, sells Soviet expertise in the U.S. His firm, Patent Management, Inc., started acquiring rights to Soviet processes in 1969 and holds rights to 15 of them in metallurgy, metalworking and welding. Patent Management recently licensed Kaiser Aluminum to use a Russian alumina smelting process for castings. The firm has also arranged for Carpenter Technology Corp. and the Wolverine Tube division of Universal Oil Products Co. to turn out high-quality zirconium and stainless steel tubing under a Soviet process. At the moment, Patent Management is offering rights to a Russian electroslag refining process that is used to produce high-quality alloy steels. Noting that the Russians are usually eager to acquire American expertise for their industries, Patent Management's General Manager Clifton Hilderley admits that peddling Soviet patents in the U.S. is "something of a switcheroo." Though the Soviets want to sell in the West in order to acquire currency, they are reluctant to part with some of their more advanced technology. The secret of doing business with the Russians, says Hilderley, "is to be very patient with them." Certainly, in East-West trade, patience can pay well.

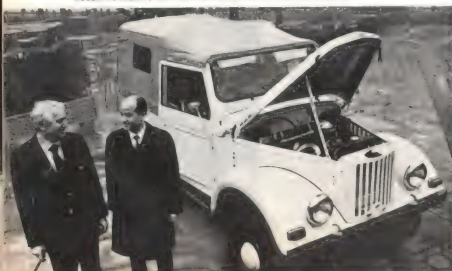
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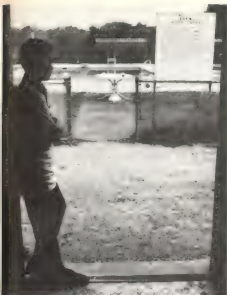
Rising Club Handicap

One nonscientific but reliable sign of business comeback from previous recessions has been the appearance of longer lines at country-club golf tees and on membership waiting lists. Most members, after all, are businessmen—and they are much more likely to join in good times than bad. But though most service enterprises are now advancing strongly, the country-club business is still in something of a hole. A survey of 75 clubs by the Manhattan accounting firm of Harris, Kerr, Forster & Co. shows that membership, which had been on the rise for 17 straight years, went down about 1% in 1971. Faced with this slippage, some clubs have relaxed their restrictions and pushed aggressive membership drives. A few have even tossed in their name-embossed towels and closed up.

The size of the handicap varies widely from club to club. At one ex-

ROBERT ROSS (LEFT) WITH JEEP-LIKE VEHICLE IMPORTED FROM RUMANIA





COUNTRY CLUB IN PURCHASE, N.Y.
Rising land values spell disaster.

treme, members of Los Angeles' Hillcrest Country Club (whose ranks include Jack Benny, George Burns and Groucho Marx) learned several years ago that oil had been discovered on their land; the club has no problems with membership turnover. Members, who have shares in the club, collect tax-sheltered dividends on their original initiation fees, and "B.O." (for "before oil") memberships have become so valuable that they are willed from father to son.

The sheer prestige of belonging keeps waiting lists long at the small group of old-money clubs that exist in every big metropolitan area. It will be a long time before prospective members are put through less than total scrutiny at such WASPish establishments as Chicago's Onwentsia Club, the St. Louis Country Club, the Los Angeles Country Club (entrance fee, \$25,000) or Long Island's Maidstone Club.

Still, many other clubs are caught in a squeeze between soaring costs and the amount of dues that members are willing to pay. According to the Harris, Kerr, Forster study, the bill for maintaining a golf course last year jumped 9%, to \$5,364 for each hole, and has nearly doubled in the past 15 years. Paradoxically, rising land values have brought disastrous increases in taxes on many clubs—particularly in states that levy especially large taxes on land that is not being put to the best use recommended in local zoning plans. Property taxes on the Purchase Country Club in suburban New York, for example, have rocketed over the past decade from \$6,000 to \$218,000.

A few states, including Ohio and California, have come to the rescue of clubs by forcing municipalities to tax golf-course land at low rates. Some establishments elsewhere—including Chicago's Edgewater Country Club and the New York area's Fairview Country Club—have sold out to developers, either to reopen at a less costly location or

to distribute the profits to members and close altogether. Most clubs have elected to pass on the costs of higher taxes to members in the form of stiffer dues and sometimes year-end assessments. Quite a few companies gave up the practice of paying club dues for their executives during the recession and still have not loosened up on that policy.

Small wonder, then, that clubs are recruiting hard. "We have had cocktail parties and brunches where we have asked members to scour the bushes and bring their relatives and friends," says Thomas O'Connor, manager of the Ravisloe Country Club near Chicago. Like some other socially stuffy institutions, New York's Scarsdale Golf Club has begun to admit a few Jews. An occasional club has resorted to seeking new members through newspaper ads. Those ads, however, must run in the same paper with come-ons for an increasingly popular alternative to golf clubs: the residential development that includes a golf course.

Country clubs are making other moves that reflect changing U.S. attitudes. Many are responding to the tennis boom by adding new courts, which lure younger members. At Chicago's Northmoor Country Club, the formal dining room is being nibbled up by a fast-expanding informal food area featuring hamburgers and other low-priced dishes. The club also lets members use snowmobiles on the golf course in winter months. Despite such concessions, many affluent young couples just are not as turned on by country clubs as their parents once were.

GERMANY

Multinational Man

Most successful European executives stay with one company for at most two throughout their careers. Not Jürgen Krackow: he is a German who looks like British Actor Trevor Howard, acts like an American job-hopper and talks like the multinational executive that he hopes to become. Now 49, Krackow has rotated among high positions in banking, construction and machine-tool production. Now he has taken over as chairman of the executive board of the fabled and recently troubled Krupp steelmaking and heavy machinery concern. Krackow replaces Günter Vogelsang, who rescued the Ruhr giant from the brink of bankruptcy, then bowed out in disagreement with the powerful former chief executive, Herthold Beitz.

Beitz himself was knocked from the pinnacle in 1967 after the company plunged into a financial crisis, but he retains considerable clout as chairman of the supervisory board and head of the Krupp Foundation, which holds all the firm's shares and supports scientific and cultural projects. Even so, Krackow, who gets along well with Beitz, can be



CHAIRMAN JÜRGEN KRACKOW
Looking for U.S. partners.

expected to assert himself as boss and insist that the company will undertake only financially sound ventures.

A former panzer officer with a doctorate in law, Krackow has worked for the Commerzbank, one of Germany's Big Three, and for British Investment Banker Sigmund Warburg. After shifting into industry, he became a successful doctor of ailing companies. Vogel-sang recruited him four years ago to take charge of Krupp's weakest branch, its money-losing shipbuilding subsidiary, A.G. Weser. Under Krackow's management, the number of man-hours needed to produce a supertanker was cut by one-third, and Weser swung round from a loss of \$8.5 million in 1968 to a profit of \$4.7 million in 1971.

Krackow believes strongly in corporate teamwork, which is an old idea in the U.S. but a relatively new concept in traditionally hierarchical German business. Though he works 12-to-14-hour days, he does not raise an eyebrow when lieutenants leave the office at 5 p.m. There are only two things that he will not tolerate: disloyalty and mediocrity. "A corporation is less likely to be ruined by a wrong decision than by creeping mediocrity," he says.

He will need all his talents at Krupp. Undercapitalized and overly dependent on steel, the big concern earned only \$452,000 last year on sales of \$1.8 billion (German operations only). Krackow hopes to do better by making the company multinational. Says he: "I can conceive of opportunities for American partners to collaborate with Krupp in Europe in certain areas, using American know-how. Conversely, I can think of areas in America that could well be enriched with Krupp ideas." The Weser subsidiary, for instance, has been developing ice-breaking bulk carriers and tankers, and Krackow hopes to enter into joint ventures with U.S. and Canadian firms for the exploitation of the Arctic's huge oil and mineral deposits.

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BEHAVIOR

Little Murderers

When they found him dead in his bed, his face was discolored and swollen. An autopsy disclosed that his skull had been fractured and part of his brain reduced to a pulp. After careful investigation, the police established that there had been two murderers and identified them as brothers who lived in a neighboring apartment. The killers had dropped their victim repeatedly on the floor, struck him again and again with a woman's high-heeled shoe and bitten him several times. What was even more unusual, however, was the age of those involved in the case: the slayers were only five and two years old, and their victim was an eight-month-old infant.

This murder and four similar ones are described in the current issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* by Pathologist Lester Adelson of Cleveland's Case Western Reserve University. The phenomenon of the "battered child" who has been killed or maimed by his parents is well known (*TIME*, Nov. 7, 1969), but the existence of what Adelson calls the "battering child" has scarcely been recognized. To Adelson, the importance of his five cases "far transcends their number"; while death wishes in children are known to be common, very few adults are aware that a preschool child is actually capable of murder.

Adelson culled his examples from the records of the coroner's office in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, during a period of 42 months. The victims ranged in age from seven weeks to eight months—their assailants, from two to eight years. Of the six little murderers, one was retarded, one was a "slow learner" and four were "apparently normal." Three of the young murderers assaulted relatives: a cousin, a brother and a nephew. One killed an unrelated infant his mother was caring for.

To allay any doubt that the murderers were really young children, Adelson reports that investigation "failed to raise even a scintilla of evidence of adult maltreatment." The motive in each case, according to Adelson, seems to have been intense jealousy. Each of the young killers wanted to get rid of a younger rival who threatened "his sense of security or place or priority in the household."

TM: The Drugless High

The name is grandiose—"transcendental meditation"—but the entry procedure is extraordinarily simple. After just 15 days of abstinence from non-prescription drugs, the novice is ready for initiation. If he goes through the typical ceremony, he takes one clean handkerchief, three pieces of sweet fruit and



Our marriage will cause
quite a stir.

A bottle of Canadian Mist whisky and a glass of whisky with ice cubes are placed on a tree stump in a forest. The bottle is labeled "IMPORTED CANADIAN MIST Canadian Whisky". The background is a dense forest with tall trees and sunlight filtering through the leaves.

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at least six fresh flowers, symbolic offerings to be laid before a portrait of the Indian guru who once taught the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, founder of the International Meditation Society. Alone with his own mentor in an atmosphere made mystical by candlelight, incense and the chanting of Sanskrit phrases, the neophyte is taught the word that he has come to learn: his specially assigned mantra, an apparently meaningless sound that is really an ancient Hindu incantation.

The recruit then takes three more two-hour "lessons," pays a modest fee (\$75 generally, but only \$45 for college students) and he is ready to reap the full benefits of transcendental meditation. Simply expressed, the goal of TM, which despite its Oriental trap-

PHIL KOLLEK



MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI PREACHING TM
By way of the mantra to...

pings is not a religion but a quite secular relaxation technique, to enjoy life more, to shuck tension by letting the mind travel far from mundane concerns a couple of times a day. To TM preachers, the practitioner is "expanding his awareness," developing his "creative intelligence," experiencing "subtler states of thought," and achieving "deep rest as a basis for dynamic action."

Harmless. It sounds absurd, of course; yet many otherwise rational people are enthusiastic about TM. And unlike many supposed remedies for psychic malaise, it has drawn little criticism from behavioral scientists. At worst, say the experts, the hordes of American meditators—an estimated 250,000 strong, with thousands of new converts a month—are doing themselves no harm, though they may be kidding themselves about TM's effectiveness. At best, the meditators may really be on to something.

Whatever its merits, TM has been taught for credit at dozens of U.S. col-

leges, including Yale, Stanford and the University of Colorado. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has granted \$21,540 to show 150 high school faculty members how to teach creative intelligence through TM. At the University of Michigan, a researcher has studied the use of TM to help students, and at the Institute of Living in Hartford, Conn., Psychiatrist Bernard Glueck Jr. is about to investigate the technique's possible value in treating both neurotics and psychotics. "If we laugh at the hocus-pocus, we may overlook something," Glueck observes. "If there's anything that might possibly help patients, I'm willing to try it." Even more surprising, the Army has permitted experiments with TM to help drug addicts and alcoholics on eight bases, and some federal prison officials think that it might be of help in rehabilitating convicts.

Improved Sex. Most of TM's adherents in the U.S. and abroad see no need to await the verdict of research. They have heard International Meditation Society "initiators" (teachers) extol TM in free lectures, and they believe. There are no complicated philosophical or religious ideas to understand, as in classic Zen or yoga, and no ascetic life-style is demanded. The only requirement is to meditate for 20 minutes twice a day. "You close your eyes," explains one TM-er, "and after a few minutes the mantra just floats into your consciousness. Noises or worldly daydreams may distract you, but then you find your mind wandering back to the mantra. You feel a deep sense of rest and alertness."

When that happens, according to the maharishi (meaning great sage), the mind "flows and flows," like a river on its way to the sea, "to the level of life which is more than the most infinite unbounded." The white-bearded IMS founder explains further that "the mind arrives at the source of thought," which is "a reservoir of energy, intelligence and happiness" that can be found deep within every human being.

Most transcendental meditators put it more simply. San Francisco Actor Paul Shenar calls TM "a natural high," and a Silver Spring, Md., psychologist describes it as "the most beautiful thing that's ever happened in my life." Investment Counselor Ben Fancu of Boston testifies that "my memory gets sharper, I feel more alert all day, and everything I've ever done well I now do better." In Manhattan, Architect Donald Levitt asserts, after ten years of psychotherapy, that "TM does what psychiatry, in a much longer time and at much greater expense, tries to do—and usually doesn't." A New Jersey dentist is positively ebullient: "My wife told me I was a lousy lover. In desperation I tried TM. Now my problem is keeping my wife from telling everybody about the dramatic improvement in our sex lives."

Some TM critics are put off by this kind of extravagant claim, and

others* fault the maharishi for his flair for commercialism, his undoubted talent for getting publicity, and his global ambition. Having trained 3,000 initiators so far (\$600 for a ten-week course), he is now in the process of establishing the Maharishi International University, which he hopes will graduate another 3,600,000 teachers, one for every thousand people in the world.

The movement may be more important than its leader. There is undisputed evidence that meditation can lower oxygen consumption and produce other physiological changes that may, in turn, have psychological side effects. Attempts to measure these effects have already been made. At Harvard, Researchers Herbert Benson and R. Keith Wallace questioned 1,862 meditators,

W. CHAL. BERGSTEIN



INITIATOR INSTRUCTING FOLLOWERS
...subtler states of thought.

of whom 80% had used pot and 48% LSD. After 21 months of TM, Benson and Wallace found, only 12% still smoked pot and only 3% took LSD. At Stanford, Neurobiologist Leon Otis has tried to evaluate TM by comparing the effects of 1) just sitting quietly with eyes closed, 2) repeating a simple phrase such as "I am a witness only," and 3) practicing TM. Those who followed the formal TM system gained the most in self-confidence, emotional stability and insight into themselves.

Both the Harvard and Stanford studies are inconclusive, as the experimenters themselves recognize. Part of the problem in trying to document the psychological effects of TM, says the British medical journal *Lancet*, is that it is "difficult to exclude the effects of suggestion." So difficult, in fact, that TM's true value—or lack of it—seems likely to remain in doubt for a long time.

*Including the Beatles, though they helped make the maharishi famous by embracing TM.

BOOKS

Fall Collection

THE TEMPTATION OF JACK ORKNEY AND
OTHER STORIES
by DORIS LESSING
308 pages. Knopf, \$6.95.

Doris Lessing's novels, rugged and sensibly made, move with great deliberation over some of the major issues of our time: the appeal of Marxism, technology, the loss of political and religious faith, and the struggle for personal freedom, especially women's. Yet the very qualities that make her a major novelist often work against her as a short-story writer. The potentially best



DORIS LESSING

stories in her new collection are charged with intelligence and feeling, but the form does not contain all that Doris Lessing seems to say.

A notable exception is the extraordinary 77-page title story, "The Temptation of Jack Orkney." Jack Orkney is a British journalist and author, a secular saint of the socialist old guard who could always be depended on to whip up a manifesto or organize a protest. At middle age, Orkney has survived ideological squalls with his honor intact. He and his wife enjoy a warm, understanding relationship. His daughters are grown and liberated; his son is a chip off the old radical bloc. But when Orkney is called north to the bedside of his dying father, he begins to have cold-sweat dreams of his own mortality.

When he returns to London, Orkney starts going to church. At the British Museum reading room he soaks up religious history, anthropology and Simone Weil. Friends call to see if he is all right. He is. His dreams have revealed the neglected half of his existence—the part that was always larger than his politics or his personal ego. His

life jumps into sharp focus. He sees that his son is fated to learn all the old lessons as if they were new. He gets the truth about himself and his old-guard comrades just right. "Once they had forecast utopias; now they forecast calamity, failed to prevent calamity, and then worked to minimize calamity."

Doris Lessing herself has gone the route from Marxist materialism to Sufi mysticism. The parallel with Orkney is quietly apparent. So is the meaning: that the beliefs one holds at various times are not always as important as the journey and from them.

WITHOUT A STITCH IN TIME by Peter DeVries. 328 pages. Little, Brown, \$8.95.

The beauty of a pun is in the *oy* of the beholder. Take Peter DeVries. "The things my wife keeps buying at auctions are keeping us baroque," he writes. And "Last night I dreamed of a female deer chasing a male deer in the mating season, a doe trying to make a fast buck."

Such wordplay is the mark of the DeVries oeuvre, at once its most noticeable—and least significant—characteristic. For between the punch lines, DeVries shows himself as a lapsed Cal-



PETER DEVRIES
Lapsed Calvinist.

vinist who sees the world as a reproach to that incurable hypocrite, man. Irony is DeVries' weapon, and this collection of fugitive pieces extends his gallery of not always humane inconsistencies. When a worker obeys a "Think" sign, he is dismissed for woolgathering. An executive boasts of an affair he was strong enough to resist. But after his wife's resulting diatribe, he is furiously making plans for consummation. A youth fears that his girl friend is pregnant. Nightmares of a shotgun wedding haunt him for weeks—until she assures him, "Everything is all right." "I was

free—free! I turned, seized her in my arms and, in an ecstasy of gratitude, asked her to marry me."

Threaded through such stories is a mixed garland of parodies, including Faulkner (*Requiem for a Nun*), Elizabeth Bowen ("Tennysen, Anyone?") and Ring Lardner, who is sent up in the guise of a Little League manager writing home in *You Know Me, Alice*.

ARIGATO by Richard Condon. 312 pages. Dial Press, \$7.95.

Fastidious distaste for fellow human beings is no hindrance to headwaiters and lighthouse keepers. It can be a positive asset for a man in the comic-novel industry. But Richard Condon, whose extraordinary talent for comedy produced *The Manchurian Candidate*, has developed this asset to the point of



RICHARD CONDON

unproductive excess. In such recent novels as *Mile High* and *The Vertical Smile* he has simply refused to direct his attention toward anything that vaguely resembles a member of the human race.

The figures that populate his books are, instead, fantasmic embodiments of various sorts of foaming mania. Among the twitches ambulant in *Arigato* are compulsive gambling, saxophone playing, war games, gold lust, French cookery, banking, power-elitism and think-tankery. Fine, thinks the reader, that sounds lively, why not?

Well, why not is that Condon can't mention any character's irrelevant off-stage aunt without adding that she holds the world's record (2,164) for reading detective stories in a single year. The hero, a cashiered British navy captain, can't simply have a pretty French mistress with a thuggish father; she must be a Renoir nude and he the head of the Mafia in Marseilles. The captain's wife can't merely be rich and willful; she must run an investment program for the most powerful family in the U.S. and have as a father and uncles the men

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BOOKS

who control the CIA, the Treasury, the White House and most of the rest of the military-industrial complex.

Otherwise the story is a promising crime caper, involving the theft of millions of dollars worth of wine. Condon's throwaway lines have all their old weird wonder. Any one of the enormities he assigns to his characters at the rate of three a page would have fueled a complete farce. Jangling together they achieve only a certain frenzy, and give the odd impression of a man shouting desperately to avoid hearing something.

FROM THE LAND AND BACK by Curtis Stadfeld. 202 pages. Scribners. \$6.95

We have heard a lot about the death of the family farm. This is a simple, luminous account of its life. Curtis Stadfeld was born in 1935. He grew up on a 120-acre stock farm in central Michigan. It never was much of a farm. In fact it barely paid for itself, a typical farm in that respect as well as others. But it was nevertheless something increasingly rare in the modern world, a self-contained universe, sealed to the people who worked in it. In this rarity lay its value, one only now becoming plain to us.

To Stadfeld, too. He has now put the farm behind him and is a college teacher. He is eloquent and trustworthy about such things as livestock ("Chickens and hogs are ultimately hostile to man") and soil (he memorably describes his father desperately trying to shatter rock-hard clay clods with a wooden mallet). Reading the book, one suspects that times were often bleaker than Stadfeld remembers them, but he does stress, for the benefit of back-to-the-soil romantics, that "it is not in nature to support man very well."

A combination of new ideas and new machinery brought the farm life that Stadfeld remembers to an end. Young men returning from the Second World War insisted on making changes—better farming methods, better equipment, even indoor plumbing. The result, in only a decade or two, was fewer and bigger farms. In short, agrobusiness. Much hard-to-farm land was simply abandoned. The Stadfeld place, 100 years or so after being cleared, went back to scrub.

MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES Short stories by Joyce Carol Oates. 497 pages. Vanguard. \$7.95.

With each new novel and collection of short stories it becomes less of an exaggeration to think of Joyce Carol Oates as the busiest coroner of the American soul. Indeed, the most macabre story (*Happy Onion*) in her latest collection ends with a dead rock star being peeled away on an autopsy table while his fiancée looks on. There are also stories featuring familiar Oates females choking on loneliness, crippled by their dependency on males or driven to madness and violence by the conflict between their roles and their desires. Occasion-

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The Society

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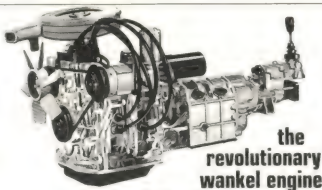
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BOOKS



JOYCE CAROL OATES



ANNE ROIPHE

ally one of these women asserts her will against the world and rises above her sisters. In *The Sacred Marriage*, the young widow of a famous poet abruptly falls in love with a scholar who has come to rummage through the great man's papers. She drops him just as abruptly for another academic trifle hound, explaining that her husband believed "that many things were possible in one lifetime. But you must force them to happen."

Miss Oates also finds inspiration in contemporary headlines. One story involves a young radical who tries to hijack a plane and is killed by an FBI sniper. There is even an exercise in the fantastic: a salesman takes to his bed and undergoes a metamorphosis, unspecified but definitely not human, and possibly not even animal.

The variety of style and technique displayed in these stories suggests that they were written as experiments. While few are very successful, it is the author's passionate willingness to attempt new forms for old obsessions that in the past has led her to write such fine novels as *Expensive People* and *them*.

LONG DIVISION by Anne Roiphe. 190 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

Anne Roiphe's last novel was *Up the Sandbox*, a blithe and cunning satire on the fine art of daydreaming, young-housewife division. Her new book is about a drive from Manhattan to Mexico by 35-year-old Emily Brimberg Johnson, a bitter woman in the process of divorcing the painter who walked out on her adoration. Their sullen daughter is a reluctant passenger.

The trouble is that half the cars on Western highways these days must have writers of one sort or other behind the wheel. There is getting to be rather a literary traffic tangle in which only the best drivers—Joan Didion on the Los Angeles freeways, Russ Macdonald in the canyons, Larry McMurtry on the asphalt-beriberioned deserts—can make the trip worth it.

In fact if crafty old Nabokov had not written the first and best motel tour in *Lolita*, one might think that cityfolk like Mrs. Roiphe should stay off the road and leave the driving to the sons and daughters of the wide-open

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BOOKS

spaces. *Long Division* is a disappointing book by a talented writer. What it lacks is convincing physical settings or incidents to sustain the mournful interior monologues of the trapped and finally boring heroine. The author is energetic enough. She offers accounts of breakdowns and highway fatigue, as well as side trips to the Hershey chocolate factory, a Cherokee reservation and an old people's settlement. Emily Brimberg Johnson passes many other promising, culturally depressed outposts, too, where the heavy irony is dutifully clanged but no echo sounds.

BARE RUINED CHOIRS: DOUBT, PROPHECY AND RELIGION by Garry Wills 272 pages Doubleday, \$7.95.

This is a trenchant collection of essays by one of the country's brightest and most thoughtful Roman Catholics about his beleaguered church. Unlike many intellectuals, Wills has not left the church during the current wave of disaffection, nor has he made any accommodation or adaptation to the Jesus movement. "Doubt is the test," he says. "Faith is rooted in it. The great enemy of believing is pretending to believe."

Still he is intensely critical of the church as institution and of almost all its tortured developments of the past 20 years. At the center of the book is a long essay on "the two Johns"—Pope John XXIII and President Kennedy. In these men, Wills argues, "liberals at last got the kind of leaders they thought would suffice, and found that this was not enough." Kennedy's concept of "flexible response" led to the most intractable of wars. The Second Vatican Council, initiated by Pope John, began by concentrating on liturgical reform but soon unleashed a flood of theological argument and, among laymen, disillusionment and doubt.

But Wills does not believe that the pre-conciliar church had the vitality to survive as it was much longer. His description of certain Catholic intellectuals of the '50s—with their enthusiasm for Merton and monasticism, Gregorian chant and the social encyclicals of the Popes—is witty but a bit condescending. As for the '60s, Teilhard de Chardin's cloudy, evolutionary mysticism gets no more praise than Pope John. Wills argues that both men did not fully see the consequences when they attempted to generalize or make programs from their private convictions.

To survive, Wills believes, the church must be "resurrected from the feet up." New forms of life have come from outside the hierarchy "from Athanasius at local councils, Benedict in the monasteries, Francis of Assisi in the roads." Reformers of the past—from Savonarola to John Henry Newman—suffered or were silenced in their time but eventually prevailed. "It has always been the task of the prophetic church to redeem the kingly church," Wills concludes. "As Pope Innocent needed St. Francis, Paul VI needs Dan Berrigan."

BEHIND THE DOOR by Giorgio Bassani 150 pages. Harcourt Bruce Jovanovich, \$5.95.

How shrill and self-assertive the voices of most novelists sound after listening to Giorgio Bassani tell a story. The former editor of the literary magazine *Botteghe Oscure* and the discoverer of Giuseppe (*The Leopard*) Lampedusa, Bassani is best known in the U.S. for his lambent novel *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* from which the recent Vittoria De Sica film was made. Like *Garden*, this book is set in the author's native city of Ferrara during the 1930s. Also as in *Garden*, the narrator of *Behind the Door* is a wealthy, sensitive young Jew.

The boy is given no name. In the first year of liceo (roughly eleventh grade) he finds himself without his stolid lifelong best friend (who flunked the entrance exams), and caught between two new disturbing classmates. One is his proud seatmate Carlo Cattolica,



GARRY WILLS

GIORGIO BASSANI

whose "clarity of mind and profile, etched with a medal's sharpness" arouses the narrator's fascination and envy. The other is Luciano Pulga, a scruffy, pushy newcomer to the school "with a physique like a little wading bird." Pulga is slavishly and successfully cultivated by the young Jew until Cattolica moves against them like a starfish bisecting a clam.

Bassani floats along after his young characters on their Majno bicycles, quietly following the street maps of their days. With unobtrusive skill, he delineates the delicate social patterns that emerge from shared seats and invitations to do homework together. The hierarchical distinctions in his small city are minute. Many of them are noted by the loquacious Pulga. On first viewing the narrator's graceful patrician house, the boy cries, "Twenty rooms! I can imagine what it must cost to heat them." So realistic a thought has never occurred to the narrator, who lives in an insulated world of private emotional speculation. When his classmates finally challenge him in a classic episode of adolescent testing, he finds to his sorrow that he cannot generate enough passion either to stand his ground or strike back.

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THE TRAVELERS

Laying the Foundation

Immunology, the study of the complex mechanisms by which the body fends off disease and resists transplants, is probably the most promising branch of medical research today. Many experts feel that in this rapidly advancing field, doctors will discover the secrets of cancer control and more successful organ transplantation.

Last week Sweden's Royal Caroline Institute honored the two men whose work has made such hopes plausible. The 1972 Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine went to Dr. Gerald Maurice Edelman, 43, a professor of biochemistry at New York's Rockefeller University, and Rodney Porter, 55, a

ecule that give an antibody the capacity to react with a foreign or threatening substance (an antigen) and destroy it. Using a protein-splitting enzyme called papain, Porter broke the antibody molecule into three fragments. He found that the molecule is Y-shaped. The two smaller and similar parts of the structure are the ones that are capable of combining with the antigen; the larger one lacks this ability.

Assuming that antibodies, like most other proteins, are composed of chains of amino acids, Edelman set out to identify the arrangement and composition of the antibody molecules. In 1969, he completed a gamma-globulin model showing the molecule to be made up of 19,996 atoms grouped together in

Few things are more fashionable among the laid-conscious today than the dietary approach to health. The Food and Drug Administration has found that one out of every five Americans believes that illness can be avoided if only they gulp enough vitamins and mineral supplements or give up processed breakfast foods for cereals made from organically grown nuts and wheat grains. Americans spend \$320 million a year on vitamin pills alone, additional millions on so-called "organic" or "health" foods. Last week crowds at the faithful and their suppliers gathered at New York's Madison Square Garden for a nutritional circus called the second International Health Fair. TIME asked Dr. Myron Winick, director of the Institute of Human Nutrition at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Medicine Writer Peter Stoler to attend the production. Here is their review:

The audience, which seemed equally divided between young, long-haired hopefuls and aging hypochondriacs, got a good show for the \$2 admission price. More than 100 exhibitors occupied booths to display vitamins, natural foods and cosmetics, home food grinders, even vibrating "massage chairs." Visitors who wandered among the displays could pick up free vitamin-pill samples, munch organic foods or drink Swedish mineral water. They could test their strength on some antique carnival machines or stare at the leotard-clad figure of Lialotta Valesca, 70. In 1930 she was Miss Finland; today she is perhaps the world's best-preserved great-grandmother and a persuasive saleswoman for a line of health and beauty aids. Visitors could also slip into an adjoining auditorium and hear lectures on such subjects as biofeedback (TIME, Oct. 16) and the prevention of illness and achievement of a satisfactory sex life through proper eating.

Cardboard Crackers. Most customers opted for the health-food exhibits. Vittles were, in fact, the show's best attraction. Most were made from organically grown fruit and grains, nurtured without chemical fertilizers, sweetened with honey instead of refined sugar and packaged without preservatives—a feature that may enhance their appeal, though not their shelf life. Plants produce nutrients to aid their own growth, not to benefit the consumer, and there is no reliable evidence that organically grown foods are any more nutritious than those produced by conventional means. Nor did most health-food exhibitors make any wild claims. Admitting that their products' appeal was more mystical than medical, they stressed purity instead.

There is little doubt that most health foods are unadulterated. They are also sufficiently expensive to make eating them an affectation of the affluent. A



EDELMAN WITH MOLECULAR MODEL

Working toward parallel breakthroughs on ocean apart.

CO-WINNER RODNEY PORTER

biochemistry professor at the University of Oxford. Working separately, the two researchers discovered the chemical structure of antibodies, the blood proteins that play a crucial role in the body's war against infection.

Edelman, an accomplished violinist who loves poetry "because it is beautiful and useless," was awakened by his wife Maxine after she heard the news on a radio broadcast. "It was 8 o'clock in the morning, a time when I am usually asleep and in some kind of metaphysical state," he said later in the day. "At first I was silent, then glad—delighted, in fact." Porter, who lives on a farm near Oxford, was skeptical when informed that he had won. "Reporters told me that last year and I hadn't," he explained.

Though the American and the Englishman never collaborated directly, their research has, in effect, followed the same path since 1959. Antibodies form complex, giant molecules. Porter concentrated on those parts of the mol-

amino-acid building blocks. His findings coincided with those of Porter, showing that the antibody molecule is composed of a double pair of chains, two "light" ones forming the branches of the Y, and two "heavy" ones that make up the trunk. After establishing that antibodies have some flexible amino-acid chains, Edelman was able to demonstrate how the body can form different antibodies to deal with specific diseases. He also demonstrated how parts of the antibody molecule adhere to the antigen molecule, while others attack it.

The impact of the discoveries has been enormous. They have provided scientists with the first clear explanation of how antibodies are built and, according to the Caroline Institute, "laid a firm foundation for truly rational research, something that was previously largely lacking in immunology." Immunologists have already begun to build upon that base in studying rheumatic fever, arthritis and other diseases.

MEDICINE

package of natural cereal retails for 89¢; a box of a popular processed cereal that is at least as nourishing costs half as much and contains more servings. As to taste—you take your chances. Some crackers, made from stone-ground whole wheat, looked, felt and tasted exactly like cardboard. But an almond and molasses cereal handed out by a white-jacketed "Dr. Pure" was delicious. Equally good was a frankfurter made from the meat of animals raised on organic foods. It provides an appetizing alternative to the standard American hot dog, which has been found by Consumers Union to contain more water, fat and bacteria than meat. An imitation cheesecake made from soybean curd was even better. Low in fats and high in protein, it was not only enjoyable but nourishing as well.

Misleading Claims. Far less impressive were the show's vitamins and cosmetics exhibitors, almost all of them smaller firms known mainly to health faddists. The best were ill-informed about their products and showed little knowledge of body chemistry. One vendor claimed that his lipsticks were enriched with vitamins. Why they are is a mystery: vitamins are absorbed into the system through the digestive tract, and there is no reason to believe that any added to a lipstick could get into the skin in sufficient quantity to do any good. Another booth offered "natural" shampoo said to contain sheep placenta. When challenged as to the virtue of this exotic ingredient, the salespeople quickly backed off their initial claim that the substance created "an ideal pH [acid-alkaline balance] for the hair."

A few other pitches were downright misleading. A salesman for an expensive line of vitamins (\$30 for a 15-day supply) said that ribonucleic acid (RNA) had been added to some capsules because it was essential for the body's utilization of vitamins and minerals. In fact, the body makes its own RNA for the synthesis and storage of proteins. Another vitamin pusher maintained that his "predigested collagen protein liquid" contained free amino acids that the system could use immediately to build its own collagen (connective tissue) and bone. That claim is ridiculous. Though an excellent source of protein, the supplement is not predigested to free amino acids. Moreover, the amino acids unique to collagen cannot be utilized from an outside source but must be synthesized by the body.

These hucksters were relatively harmless. Some of the others were not. One glib salesman insisted that large doses of vitamin C, which—when taken in amounts of 35 milligrams—prevents scurvy, would, in doses of 25,000 mg. a day, prevent colds and strengthen arteries. Although some scientists, including Chemist Linus Pauling, believe that vitamin C has such properties, there is no scientific proof that it has any effect on colds or arteries. Further, the safety of large doses of vitamin C over

long periods of time has not been established. Another vendor recommended one of his company's products for men suffering from prostate trouble. There is no medical proof that this preparation could relieve enlargement of the prostate. Even if this were true, the product could merely mask the disease's symptoms. That would hardly be a bargain. An enlarged prostate is one of those medical conditions that gives the victim plenty of warning that something is wrong. A man getting such an alert should consult his doctor, not his druggist.

But even these exhibits were better than one for Dr. Schleusser's Biochemic Cell Salts, a direct descendant of the old medicine-show snake oil. Schleusser's stuff ostensibly contains twelve salts essential to the body and is recommended for everything from malaria to enuresis (bed-wetting). All a sufferer



MISS FINLAND OF 1930 AT HEALTH FAIR
A circus of nostrums and nutrition.

need do is look up his symptoms in Dr. Schleusser's book and take the proper salt. Actually, medical science has yet to find that these salts exist in the body at all. The salesman for this modern miracle claimed that the cell salts were harmless. Even if they are, their sale should be outlawed. Anything taken to cure illness is medicine, and any medicine should be not only safe but effective. There is no evidence that these nostrums meet either criterion.

Nor is there reason to believe that diet and food supplements alone can either prevent or cure most medical problems. Proper nutrition is crucial to sound health, but so, when disease occurs, is expert diagnosis and prompt medical care. Man may not live by white bread alone, but he cannot thrive on vitamin pills and soya oil either.

MILESTONES

Born. To The Netherlands' Princess Irene, 33, and Prince Carlos Hugo de Bourbon-Parma, 42, twins, a boy and girl, their second son and first daughter, in Nijmegen, The Netherlands. Names: Jaime Bernardo and Margarieta Maria Beatrice.

Married. Art Garfunkel, 30, singer and songwriter once teamed with Paul Simon and now an actor (*Carnal Knowledge*), and Linda Marie Grossman, 27, an architect, both for the first time; in Nashville, Tenn.

Died. Vera Michels Dean, 69, international affairs scholar; in New York. After earning a doctorate at Yale, she started a 30-year career with the Foreign Policy Association, serving as its research director and editor. She was an early advocate of rapprochement with the Soviets, pleading for a benign internationalism that would stress economic rather than military aid to backward nations. Among her books: *Foreign Policy Without Fear* (1953), *The United States and the New Nations* (1964) and *The U.N. Today* (1965).

Died. Miriam Hopkins, 69, sprightly blonde star of dozens of movies in the 1930s and '40s, of a heart attack; in New York. A vivacious talker with a honeyed Georgia drawl off-camera, Hopkins on-screen cast shrewd eyes on her leading men. One of her early hits was Director Ernst Lubitsch's *Trouble in Paradise* (1932). She heightened her stardom with the title role in Hollywood's first full-length Technicolor feature, *Becky Sharp* (1935), and the controversial *These Three* (1936). One of Hopkins' major professional regrets turning down the female lead in *It Happened One Night*, which won an Oscar for Claudette Colbert.

Died. Prescott Sheldon Bush, 77, former U.S. Senator from Connecticut (1952-63), and father of U.N. Ambassador George Bush, in New York. A long-time confidant and golf partner of Dwight Eisenhower's and a banker by training, Bush was an authority on Government finance and the economy. Despite his lack of seniority, he wielded considerable and conservative influence on the Banking and Currency and Joint Economic committees.

Death Revealed. Yelena N. Khru-shevich, 35, daughter of the late Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev; on July 14. Once a student of law and journalism, Yelena was the youngest of Khrushchev's five children. Her death was unreported in Russia, but her tombstone was discovered by a sharp-eyed American official visiting her father's grave. She is buried near him in Moscow's Novodevichy Cemetery.

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We have actively supported the Health Professions Educational Assistance Act—and virtually all recent health manpower legislation.

Finally, the AMA is *for* a type of health insurance program which would provide for the patient's freedom to seek the type of plan he prefers, would rely on private rather than government administration, and would preserve a physician's freedom to practice as he thinks best.

The AMA program—Medicredit—would remove the economic barriers between the poor and mainstream medical care, and would insure everyone against catastrophically high medical costs.

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